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FLASHBACK

NOVEMBER 1983

PRESERVING THE PAST FOR THE FUTURE

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WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

FLASHBACK

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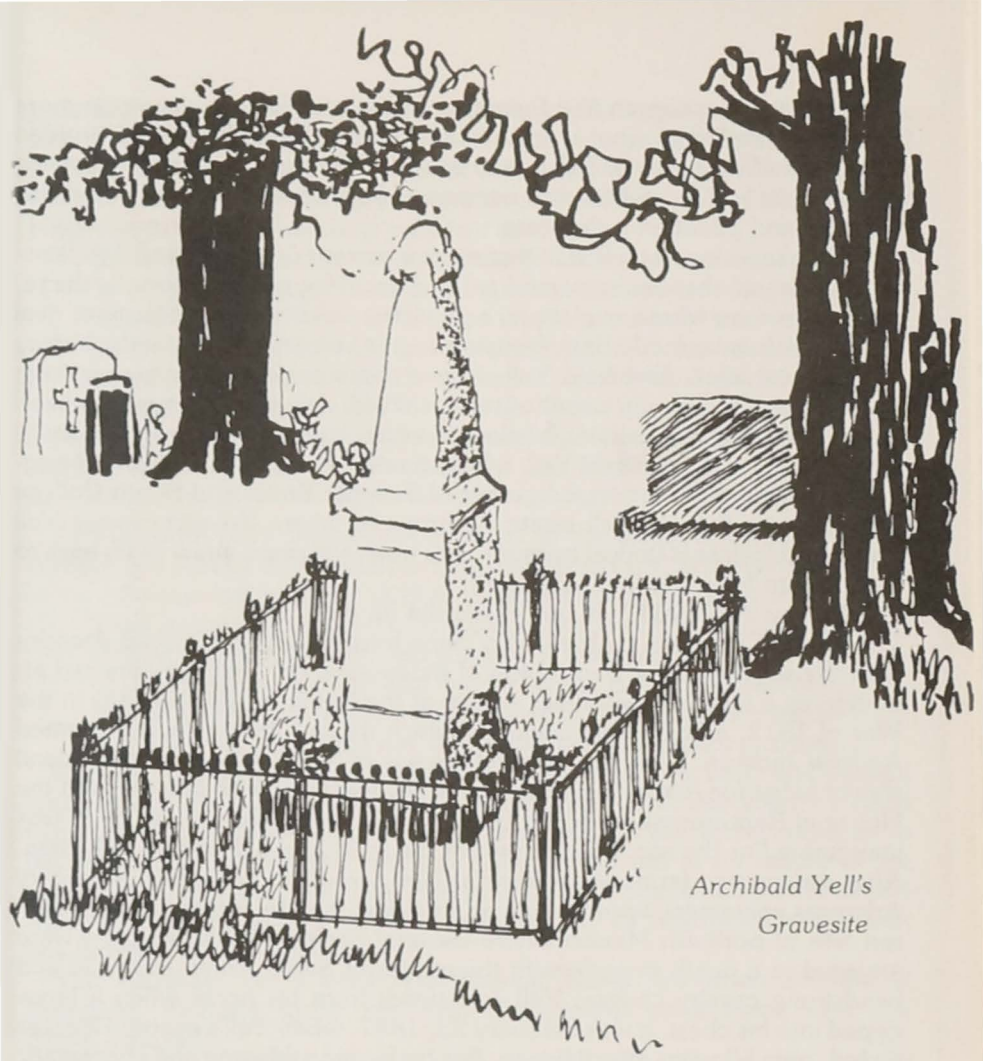


Archibald Yell's Gravesite

EVERGREEN CEMETERY

by William W. Hughes

It is a place of phantasmal beauty where voices of historical ghosts whisper gently and a night breeze caresses while you gaze at the myriad lights of the campus and the city.

It is always best to visit the place at night—although the view at any hour of the day is impressive from the surprisingly high elevation of the area. But it is at night that you feel the contrasts: the sparkling scene below of 20th century electrical technology, and history nudging you from the shadowed marker nearby that tells of the time a lance pierced the courageous heart of Archibald Yell on a faraway and long-ago battlefield.

No, it is not a weird or frightening experience or avant garde foolishness to visit this cemetery at night. Rarely used now for interments, it needs an

euphemistic pseudonym like Evergreen Memorial Park to encourge more frequent visitation of what is actually a historical shrine. Indeed, Evergreen Cemetery (if we must still call it that) is one of the most interesting surviving monuments in the rich historical heritage of Fayetteville, and is not receiving the care and attention it deserves.

Let's take a close look first at that marker surrounded by a small iron fence which tells you that under a smudged and decaying piece of stone lie the remains of a man whose exploits as a politician, soldier, and adventurer rival those which have made Sam Houston such a romantic figure in the history of the Southwest. Archibald Yell, whose name appears on a plaque near the Washington County courthouse; Archibald Yell, whose name has been given to that sloping, curving boulevard which brings visitors from the south into our city; and Archibald Yell, whose name has disappeared from the aging six foot monument on the corner of Seventh Street and South College Avenue near the old Yell estate—a property where the picturesque Yell home, a priceless historical treasure, was tragically razed a few years back to make room for a modern structure.

Who was Archibald Yell, and what did he do?

A North Carolinian by birth who came into the world only two decades after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, Yell first attracted attention as a teen-age volunteer soldier at the Battle of New Orleans in the War of 1812, a little unpleasantness which made a hero of a fella named Andrew Jackson. When he reached the age of 35, Yell became the federal district judge for Arkansas Territory. He followed this with two terms in the House of Representatives of the United States Congress and, in 1839, was inaugurated as the second governor of the four-year-old state of Arkansas. After serving two terms as the state's chief executive, he formed a band of Arkansas volunteers whom he led as a colonel, and took them into the barren hills of northern Mexico where General Zachary Taylor's troops were engaged in a death struggle with the armies of Santa Anna. In a wild and headstrong cavalry charge, Yell was struck from his horse when a lance ripped into his chest. It was February 23, 1847, when Yell's eventful life was ended, only 50 years after it began. But his heroic soldiering and charismatic oratory in the Arkansas political area were only part of the fascinating legacy he left to his adopted state. Less widely known about this roughhewn man were his far-sighted statesmanship and his almost fanatical zeal in supporting development of an outstanding system of education in Arkansas and throughout the country. Even historical scholars who have not delved deeply into his life are astounded to learn that he, not Senator Justin Morrill of Vermont, was the first public figure to visualize the establishment of a nationwide, publicly-supported system of higher education later embodied in the land grant act fathered by the New England solon. Morrill, if you recall, was disenchanted with the old private, church-supported classical colleges and wanted to establish publicly-supported universities in every state which would be open to the "agricultural and industrial" classes of people as well as the wealthy and socially elite. In order to do this, Morrill secured the approval of Congress and President Lincoln of the famed land grant act which

provided endowments in every state for the chartering of public universities, including the University of Arkansas and every other state-supported flagship university in the land. Morrill completed this achievement in 1865, but it was in 1842, some 23 years earlier, that Governor Archibald Yell of Arkansas made the following prescient proposal:

> With a view to perpetuate our happy form of government, and to advance the great interest of the laboring classes, industry and education should in some way be interwoven; and I know of no mode better calculated to suit the conditions and character of our people than agricultural schools based upon federal donation of the general government.

This was precisely the concept and almost the exact wording embodied in the land grant legislation which did more than any other act of government to advance the cause of higher education in the United States.

And listen to Yell's ringing oratory when, in the eloquent style of a Daniel Webster or a William Jennings Bryan, he thundered away at the second session of the Arkansas legislature in 1839 to do something in behalf of education:

> Then let me appeal to you, by the debt you owe your country, by the just claims of morality, religion and of freedom, let not the light of knowledge be extinguished in your hands, but, on the contrary, built to it honorable temples and imperishable altars that it may descend like the unclouded sun, bright and glorious, to your posterity.

Contrast that clarion call, if you will, with the somewhat timid and hesitant statements made today by Arkansas politicians who think education is a good thing but who, in their own self-interest, don't want to ask voting taxpayers to pay for it. And, as the late Harrison Hale pointed out in his history of the University of Arkansas, Archibald Yell now lies in Evergreen Cemetery almost within the very shadows of his "honorable temples" as personified by the campus buildings of the University.

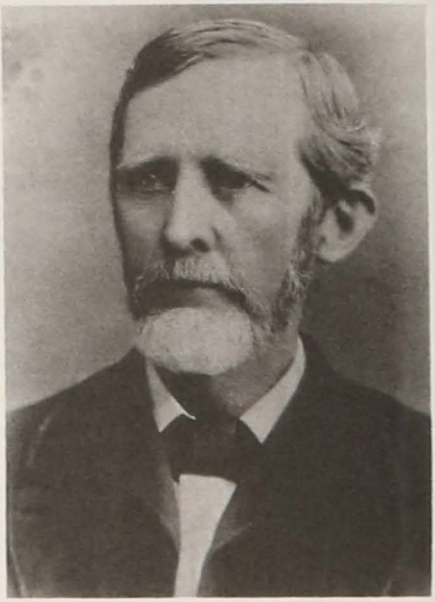
Yes, Archibald Yell is worth remembering. But so are others who rest at Evergreen, including many who won distinction in government, war, and higher education.

There is, for example, Alexander Spotswood Vandeventer whose memorial stands in the northeast corner of Evergreen only a few steps away from University Avenue. The inscription on his monument reads as follows:

> Alexander Spotswood Vandeventer — born near Jonesboro in Lee County, Virginia. Colonel, 50th Virginia Regiment, Confederate Army. At age 22, he was made Brevet Brigadier General during the Battle of Chancellorsville and was cited by General Robert E. Lee for extraordinary valor.

One looks at this inscription and thinks about many things—fierce Southern pride and the stirring of Southern blood whenever that tragic but remarkable war is remembered. You think of Chancellorsville and how it became one of the bloodiest and most strategic battles of all those fought in northern Virginia. And you wonder just what Vandeventer did to demonstrate such exceptional battlefield leadership that he was promoted to general at an age when most young men are just graduating from college. And you yearn to find out more about his

A.S. Vandeventer



Lafayette Gregg

soldiering at Chancellorsville and what it was he did which attracted Lee's attention and persuaded the revered commander-in-chief to cite him for bravery in the official records of the war. Finally, you wonder why Vandeventer moved to northwest Arkansas and what he did and what he achieved after making Arkansas his home. All of these things, of course, can be learned by reading such records as those in the possession of the Washington County Historical Society.

Most of the wars in which America was involved are represented in the markers at Evergreen, including the Mexican War, the Civil War, the Spanish American War, and World Wars I and II. Interestingly, the second-named of those conflicts is identified on the memorial to another distinguished leaders as "the War of 1861". He is none other than Lafayette Gregg who was as responsible as any other man for the decision of Arkansas to locate its first university at Fayetteville. Gregg it was who led the campaign for a bond issue which resulted in Fayetteville winning out over Little Rock and Batesville in the three bids made for the university. Gregg it was who, as a member of the first Board of Trustees of the University, took a leading part in the construction of Old Main, a building which now ranks among the three or four most important historical shrines in the state. And Gregg it was who fought, not for the Confederacy but for the Union, and who served as a colonel with the Arkansas Cavalry Volunteers whose loyalty was to the federal cause.

Gregg and Vandeventer rest in large family plots along with contemporary relatives and descendants. Another of these plots is located in the remote northwest corner of Evergreen where it escapes the notice of all but those visitors who deliberately search it out. There is an intriguing irony here, because one

Roberta Fulbright

Uncle Walt Lemke

member of the family, still among the living, has attracted more public notice from the entire world than any other individual who has ever claimed Arkansas as his home. The plot is the one where a number of the members of the Fulbright family, including the redoubtable Roberta Fulbright, are buried...she who challenged a governor and the state's political establishment, setting up a chain reaction which led to the election of her son, J. William, to Congress. As you stand in this secret corner of Evergreen and gaze at Robert Fulbright's marker you realize, almost with a physical shock, that if it hadn't been for her there might never have been a Fulbright resolution and the creation of the United Nations, and there never would have been a Fulbright student exchange program with its "greatest movement of scholars across the face of the earth since the fall of Constantinople".

Nearer the center of the cemetery lie two small markers which tell you that they commemorate the lives of one of the most distinguished couples in the history of the University of Arkansas. One of them tells you that John C. Futrall, who served as president of the university for 25 years—longer than any other man—was born in 1873 and died in 1939 when he was succeeded by the young Bill Fulbright in the presidency. It is perhaps just as interesting that the marker for his wife, Annie D. Futrall for whom Futrall Hall is named, reveals that she was born in 1872 and died in 1964. This means that the vivacious, gracious and altogether delightful Annie was born in the year when the first classes were organized at the University—indeed just one year after the founding of the University—and that she died just seven years shy of the academic year 1971-72 when the university celebrated its centennial. At the age of 92 she still delighted in taking visitors into her home on

North College Avenue to show them the teaching certificate awarded her husband when he was nine years old and teaching mathematics in the public schools of Arkansas. John Futrall, who will always be appreciated for his strong and durable leadership of the university, was something of a mathematical genius and, as a child, taught very capably during the years when there was a severe shortage of qualified older teachers.

In the shade of the oaks and maples at Evergreen there is also Uncle Walt. You may or may not remember Uncle Walt, but it is a sure fire thing that there are distinguished journalists across this planet who will never forget him. Uncle Walt Lemke headed the journalism department at the university for many years and was a legendary teacher who will always be revered—and "revered" is used here accurately—by his students, many of whom went on to become famed in their literary pursuits. They include such well known scribes as Ernie Deane. They and many others have initiated several large scholarship funds in Uncle Walt's honor. Today, as you inspect the stones marking the resting places of Uncle Walt and his wife Marie, you can't help recalling that he was so acutely conscious of tradition and the importance of preserving historical records (he founded the Washington County Historical Society) that he was a frequent visitor to cemeteries in northwest Arkansas, meticulously checking the inscriptions for accuracy.

Some general comments should be made about Evergreen. While the age of the stones helps preserve the historical atmosphere of the place, Evergreen suffers somewhat from neglect, not intentional perhaps, but neglect nevertheless. One looks with a sad and poignant feeling at some of the smaller markers subjected to so much aging that the inscriptions have disappeared and the stones on which they are written have toppled over or are disappearing into the soil. There is some trashing on the grounds; and the digging that has been done away from the graves, along with the uprooting of brush that has not been removed, subtracts further from the appearance of Evergreen, additional evidence that not enough care has gone into the upkeep of a place so essential to the historical heritage of Fayetteville and Washington County.

Evergreen is so much of a historical, rather than a modern, cemetery, that nearly all of the stones are gray in color and most are roughhewn in appearance. But there is one notable exception, although this small family plot with its shining brown stones and gold-leaf inscriptions, is no less significant than the others in testifying to the faith and soaring spirit of the people whose lives have graced our area. This plot, near the center of the cemetery, speaks first of family and marital devotion, one marker telling you that a woman was born and died in a certain year, and another disclosing the date of birth of her husband but not the date of his death, signifying for all who wish to know that, when his time comes, he intends to join his beloved in eternity. And then there are the words on another stone in the plot,

> I shall find a sun ray when life is through and, wherever you are, I will watch over you. In the dark of the moon and in the black of the night, I will rest on a star, and lend you its light. As a caressing prayer, my spirit will lead you to the dawn, and to the song of the lark.

OUR READERS WRITE

About the Pin Indians

Ruth Holt Payne, a long-time contributor to FLASHBACK says, "I have just read Conrad Russell's version of the Pin Indians. I know Conrad and respect his research and writing. Most of the article is correct, but as a professional writer who has done extensive research on the Pin Indians, I feel I must make some corrections. I was given the assignment by the *Arkansas Democrat*. I resold this article to the *Springfield News* later, and in recent years it was reprinted in the *Lincoln Leader*. I always tap all the resources I can and compare them so my story will not be biased. I consulted *Oklahoma Chronicles* historians T.L. Ballenger and Mr. Lester at Westville, as well as "heard tell" stories and went to Oklahoma to take this picture (of the Old Baptist Mission Church moved from Georgia over The Trail of Tears in 1835). I also took some of it from FLASHBACK's account. Mr. Evan Jones was a missionary bent on getting rid of slavery. (Some of this was gained from Forhan's book on this period of Indian Removal.) He did not train the Indians to be guerrillas but taught them, and when they had been converted gave them the badge of the crosspins. As you will see by the article, some of them broke into private gangs to do their deeds. Many were blamed for what the white man did.

"Rev. Jones left his printing press in Cane Hill as payment for his debt, and did not disappear into Indian Territory but went north with his party. His original intentions were to teach the Indians the Gospel and to try to right some of the wrongs being done at that time. I thought you would like to see this clipping as I believe it is as accurate as can be found:

> The Civil War was a cruel sword dividing both the white and Indian nations. Stand Watie and his Indian Regiment stood staunchly for the South throughout. Indian Chief John Ross and his followers fought with the Federals but he defected to the South at one time.
>
> A third faction, the Pin Indians, were Northern Sympathizers. The harassed citizens of the border area of Northwest Arkansas and Indian Territory divided their invective between "Stand Watie's men" and the Pins, according to their sympathies.
>
> During this period the sound of hoofbeats on the rocky roads could mean the cavalry of either Federals or Confederates—or a private band of Pin Indians on a raid. Either one sent the residents scurrying to hide food and valuables, sometimes to take them to the woods and hide there with them until the danger was past.
>
> History gives scant mention of these mysterious raiders. Information is gleaned mostly from Civil War records, Oklahoma Chronicles and handed-down stories from the ancestry of the present residents of the area in which they operated.
>
> Their history is so closely woven with the Keetoowahs some have mistaken them for the same society but there is a distinction. Many Keetoowahs were Pins but not all Pins were Keetoowahs, and one

historian says, "I have known of some who claimed to be Pins who were no more Pins than I am."

Many Keetoowahs enlisted in the Union Home Guard Brigade at Ft. Gibson, serving under white officers. Civil War records list Indians as serving in the Battle of Prairie Grove, involving Cane Hill, and in other area battles, in great numbers. Some of them took their squaws and children along. Some Pins were employed as scouts of the army and others ran in private bands, devoted to their own desires.

The Keetoowah Society, composed of full-blood Cherokees, was organized in 1859 in the Cherokee nation (Indian Territory), with the purpose of developing higher individualism and to preserve tribal history.

They met at night in the woods (later they were called Night Hawk Keetoowahs) and had secret rituals and signs by which they could identify each other in the dark or beyond speaking distance. Their badge of identification was two crossed pins, worn on the front of their hunting shirts.

Rev. Evan Jones, Baptist missionary, who brought a party of Cherokees from Georgia in the removal of the Indians, and his son, John, were active in this organization. Jones is thought to have organized it on the basis of an old society (Keetoowahs) originating in the South. But during the war he put emphasis on creating abolitionists.

A corroboration of this is found in a wartime newspaper called "Buck & Ball" after the ammunition used by the Union troops—three buckshot and a 72-caliber ball. The advance of the Union army in the Battle of Prairie Grove arrived at Cane Hill and found a small printing press in a log cabin. Maj. Preston B. Plumb employed some newspapermen in his company to set up the type and one issue of the paper—1,500 copies—was run off, then the troops moved on.

A footnote by the author of the paper states that the press belonged to the Jones Mission, a few miles west of Cincinnati, Arkansas.

When the war broke out, these missionaries went north, leaving their press to the Cane Hill merchants as security for their debts. As the type was about equal in English and Cherokee characters, it is probable that this was the press used by the missionaries in Indian Territory for several years. Sequoyah is alleged to have worked at this press and to have been a Pin. *(Editors' note: Other area historians contend that Sequoyah was never in northwest Arkansas.)*

Relative to the Pins, the note states the Jones Mission trained the Indians to be abolitionists and when one was converted he was given a badge of identification—two crossed pins.

The Baptist Mission church with its inscription "Old Baptist Mission Church Moved From Georgia Over The Trail of Tears in 1835", near Westville, Okla., is still in use, its logs covered with siding. It stands "a few miles west of Cincinnati", the old border town where many Pins bought their supplies, including "firewater" and ammunition. It is

claimed to be the Jones Mission referred to in the annals of the Civil War, the organization of which was moved from Georgia.

Irregardless of the original principles of the society, the name "Pin" became synonymous with violence throughout the Civil War period. Like the white bushwhackers, in the name of the army, private bands roved the country, pillaging, burning and murdering indiscriminately, whether their victims were Southerners or not.

The women, children and old men left at home lived in terror of a knock on the door at night or of a glimpse of an Indian (or white) lurking in the woods, watching the house. When given what they wanted, they often murdered the occupants and burned the house, anyway.

These depredations continued for some time after the war.

The Keetoowah Society is still in existence today, although split into factions, each with its own chief and head man. The largest and possibly the oldest is the Red Bird Smith that owns the seal of the original society and the sacred wampum belt related to the history of the tribe. In the breaking up of the Cherokee government and the allotment of tribal land, they became active politically, opposed to the closing of the government.

The term "Pin" was applied only to the full-blood Cherokee guerrilla bands in the Civil War and since has faded into obscurity.

Justice demands the admission that not all the deeds laid to them were theirs. Many times white bushwhackers painted their faces and masqueraded as Indians to do their own.

Reprinted from *Arkansas Democrat Magazine*, January 4, 1970

James E. Harris, 15 Dusty Road, Athens, Texas writes: "On page 35 of your August issue Dorothy Keck mentions Matthias Harmon as an Indian Scout and settled in Harmon's Station. My ancestor, Jacob Harmon, was an Indian Scout and has been mentioned in historic novels on Kentucky. In "Seed Time On The Cumberland" by Arnow he is discussed as scout for General James Robertson in its French Lick-Nasboro, i.e. modern Nashville settlement. He married Hannah (de) Guise, daughter of Christopher (Christophe de Guise, an immigrant to Philadelphia on *Lydia* 1741) and wife Margaret Plowhead. Another child of theirs (Johnathon Guise, also known erroneously as *Guice*) married Anna Stump, daughter of the German pioneer Christopher Stump of Stump Station, south of the Ohio (Tennessee). My descent is from the daughter of Jacob and Hanna Harmon, Silome Harmon who married Abel Eastman in 1797 from "the floor" of Jacob Harmon's plantation home in St. Landry Parish in Louisiana. Harmon served not only with General James Robertson in Tennessee, but also with the Marquis de Galvez in Louisiana, from whom he obtained four extensive grants of land on Bayous Brule and Placquemine. Their home was in the vicinity of Opelousas, Louisiana. Many interesting people are descended from Jacob and Hannah deGuise Harmon, including Claiborne West, signer of Texas Declaration of Independence. I'm very interested in your area because some of my Bush, Cage and Monroe people were 1830

residents of Washington County, Arkansas." (Editor's Note: Mr. Harris kindly sent us a genealogy which we are adding to our genealogy files.)

Mrs. Mildred Malone, 816 South College Avenue, Fayetteville sends along a letter written to her father, W.A. Shepherd in the year 1937 concerning the Washington County Literary Society which flourished at that time. According to Mrs. Malone "A number of rural communities participated in this organization, including Mineral Springs (my home community), Combs Chapel, Low Gap, Fairview, Mt. Union, and others. Ottis Denney, of the Black Oak Community was the able president and was a very active member along with his family, C.E. Denny and wife, and Ralph and family, and sister Lorine. Honored guests at these functions included W. S. Campbell, Roberta Fulbright, "Uncle" Walt Lemke, and H. D Phillips." The letter follows:

Washington County Literacy Society
Division of Rural Youth Literary Societies
Fayetteville, Ark., November 1, 1937
(Ottis Denney, President: Ralph Brooks, Secretary; Agnes Coffman, Music Director; Ruth Stevens, Dramatic Coach. Director and Founders: Ottis Denney, W.A. Shepherd, H.D. Phillips)

Dear Mr. Sheppard (sic),

What do you think of the following plans? (If they are O.K., tell Mildred to publish them, in addition to what she may have, at once.) Send a copy to the "TIMES", Springdale News, etc. Mabby she should only put short notices in the other papers I mentioned, about the convention. Give the best of the news to the "Times" by Thursday

A. Dinner on the ground instead of consessions.
   a. Each society may spread together or as they wish.
B. There will be very little outside material (speaking) used on the program — 100% literary program.
C. More time will be available for each societie's program.
D. Our two new societies, the University of Arkansas chapter and the Lincoln colored school of Fayetteville have been invited to be on the program. The Garrette Trio, Farmington; the Honolula Conservatory of Music, Fayetteville; the Jameson quartet, Fayetteville, and others have sent word they will be there.
E. Anyone wishing to bring a song, reading play, tell a yarn, etc. are invited to take part on the program

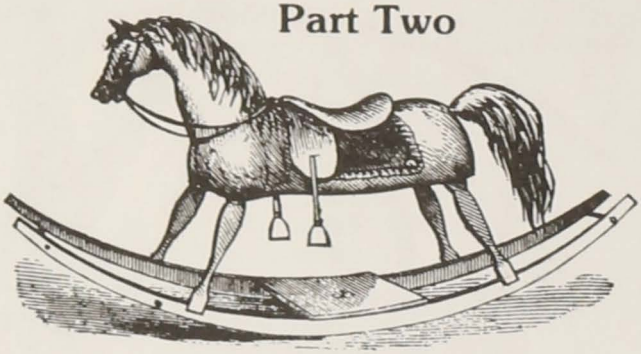
Place: Greenland, November 13, all day, in school house.

Each society is asked to furnish its own ribbons. An orange ribbon, one inch by three inches, home made, pined on the left shoulder of *every* person (county color).
Pin another ribbon (tell me the color as each society must have a different color) on the right shoulder of only those on the county program. These may used just as a line of distinction, that's all.

I am notifying all the other to this effect. Let me hear from you as soon as possible — 612 Oakland, Fayetteville. Yours truly, Ottis

GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE

Part Two



A personal history of the

WALKER-KNERR-WILLIAMS HOUSE

By Elizabeth B. Williams
(Betty Bassett Williams)

When my grandparents, George Frederick Knerr and Nancy Ida Corbett Knerr, first came to Fayetteville in June of 1910, the Walkers — Sue, Vol, Wythe, Jack, and David — had "moved to town." Their mother, Mary Walker, the late Judge Walker's daughter and the late Senator Walker's wife, had died in March of that year. The big brick house had been rented for two years and was run down and largely neglected. The tenants were even keeping chickens inside the house.

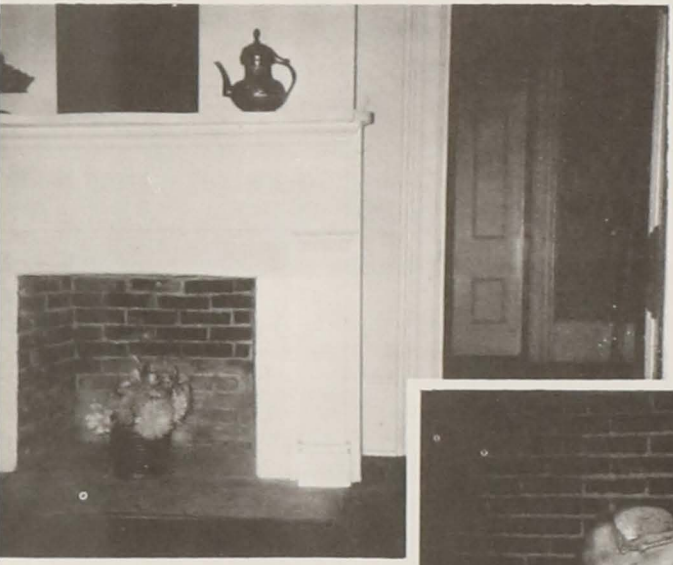
But the classic lines and mellow brick, the large windows and light-filled, spacious roms, and particularly the setting, back among many fine old trees, facing north of west, and drawing the eye in all directions to beautiful views of valleys and hills — these factors plus one other outweighed the disreputable condition of the property. Of the Knerr's four children, the two oldest had already graduated from the University of Iowa, Ina as a Phi Beta Kappa. The University of Arkansas would be available for the two younger daughters. So, in November of 1910, the Knerr family moved into the Walker house on a property of about fifty-eight acres.

Inside the house a few reminders and anecdotes were left of the Walkers. In the lower front north room, then and now called the parlor (except for the time when it was called the "music room"), Judge Walker's life-size portrait, ornately framed, was said to have hung. This portrait was painted in Philadelphia at the time of the United States Centennial. (It was last reported by W.J. Lemke in 1964 as given to the University of Arkansas Law School, cut down to head and shoulders and the frame probably stored somewhere.)

Winter Scene Taken by J.H. Fields 1927

Mary Walker's Steinway was also said to have stood in the parlor, reportedly the first piano in Fayetteville, bought in 1855. Sue Walker's art work decorated the parlor transom and fireplace, as well as other transoms in the house. Though she was an accomplished free-hand china painter, she probably worked from stencil transfers on the glass. The parlor fireplace wall under the mantel bore the following verse (in 1960, unfortunately so worn, peeling, and indecipherable that it could not be saved):

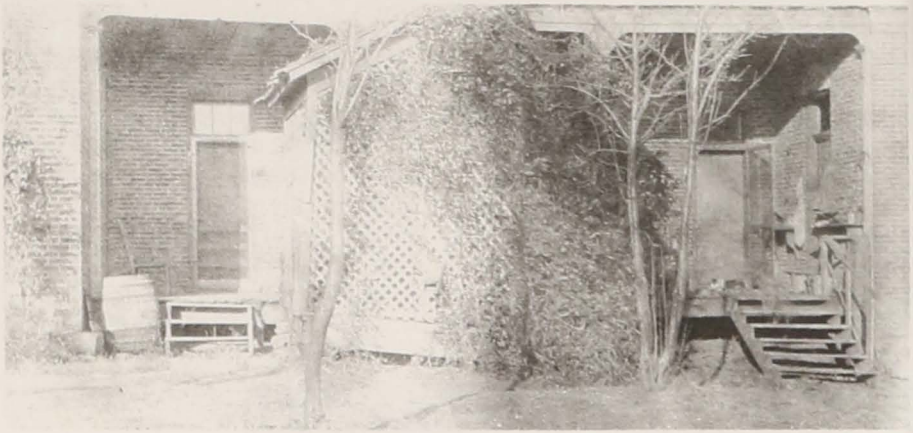
"From morn to night
Be't dark or bright
I banish dole and dree;
Come sit beside
My hearth — 'tis wide
For gentil companie..."



Above: Parlor Fireplace Where the Verse Is Obscured by Mantel

Right: Dapple Gray, the Wooden Rocking Horse as He Appears Now

Faint pencil marks scratched on the mortar between some of the old bricks on the lower south gallery seem to have to do with collecting eggs from the hens' nests. One date may be 1888. On another part of the wall the marks appear to be made by children. One scrawl could be "Dave W." This David Walker, always known as Dave, was born in 1872. He could have been the eight-or ten-year-old scribbler.



Circa 1910, south gallery showing well trellis and two sets of rickety wooden stair steps. Of the two oak shelves, on the right, the one nearer the kitchen door is still in use.

A photograph of the house *circa* 1910 shows the entire lower south gallery. To the right two shelves can just be seen on the east brick wall. They flank the bathroom-storeroom door with its transom above. These shelves were used by the Walkers, and then by the Knerrs, to keep any number of household or yard necessities up off the floor. The left-hand shelf remains, a thick piece of oak (or perhaps hard pine) supported by a pair of ornamental brackets much like those on the roof cornices. For over a century this heavy shelf has hung on the brick wall.

As for my grandparents' move from Iowa, they had been thinking about a "return to the farm" for some time. In our noisy, peopled, cluttered, polluted time, it seems almost laughable that people in the early 1900's would wish to leave the comparative simplicity of a small town in a rural section of an agricultural state. But there were many voices in the air at that time praising the lost values of independent living, self-sufficiency, "plain living and high thinking." Many people all over the country, my grandparents among them, had read with great interest William R. Lighton's article in the *Saturday Evening Post* called "An Arkansas Farm". As noted before, Lighton had moved his family to Fayetteville in 1908, and had built his log house and christened it "Happy Hollow Farm". My grandfather sold his hardware business in Allerton, Iowa, some time in 1909, and my grandparents made three or four trips southwards to choose the most desirable location to get "back to the farm" and to continue their two younger children's education.

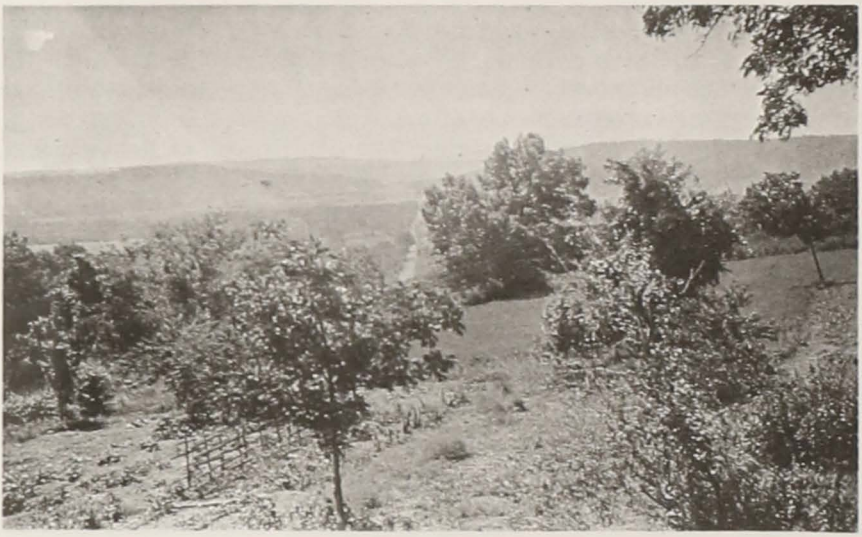
Lighton's article in the *Post* had such widespread appeal that the few real estate salesmen in and around Fayetteville were swamped with inquiries. Around this time the "Walker Place" came on the market. My grandparents also landed in Fayetteville, drawn by Lighton's article. In those days advertising was less than subtle, and real estate descriptions were inclined toward rhapsody. An undated clipping from the *Fayetteville Daily Democrat (circa*

1910) has been saved from that trip to Fayetteville in the family files. It follows, with spelling and hyperbole intact:

THE WALKER PLACE

The following is an extract from the description of the Walker estate which was sent out by Col. Sam A. Clark for advertising purposes.

The house is a large two story brick of ten rooms, besides halls above and below. Two bay windows, in the parlor and living room — cealings are twelve feet, four rooms each eighteen feet square, two rooms each sixteen by seventeen, two rooms sevnteen by fourteen feet. A good-sized bathroom, and a store room under and kitchen — long verandas upper and lower, on the south side of the house, and upper and lower poarches on the west side fronting the city. The view from every point is magnificent. Overlooking the white River Valley, south and east, with the Ozark Mountains for a background the view is unsurpassed. The delightful breezes from the south and west make this an ideal summer home: quiet and retired; yet, near enough to distinctly hear the town clock strike hours, the band playing on the streets and the trains as you watch the trains glide over the trestle and



View to West Showing Highway 62, circa 1911

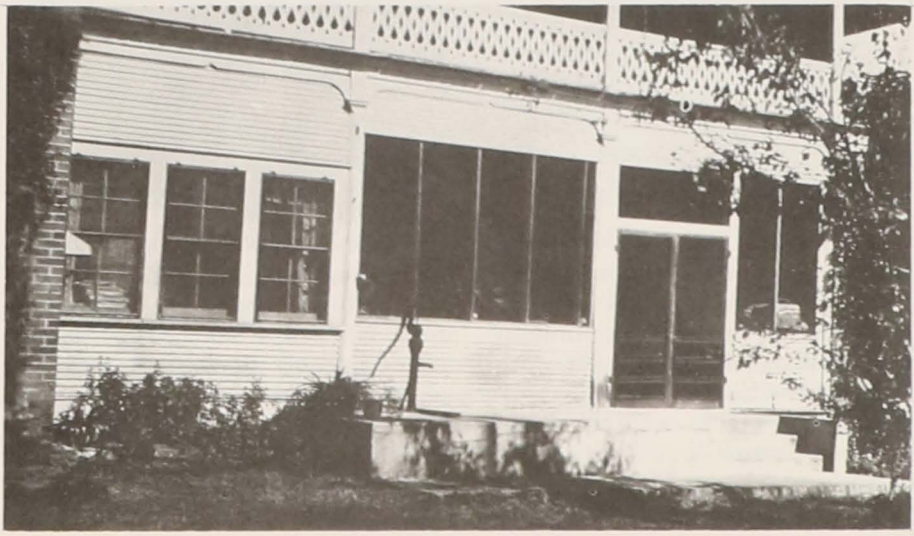
the valley below. The whole presenting a sceen of incomparable beauty. From this point of view, one can see how nature has combined valley, stream and mountains, into a landscape so transcindently beautiful, that He, the Creator, has made nothing to excell it in beauty in all his handiwork in nature's picture, here spread before you. A Micheal Angelo or Rapheal might revel here with brush and pencil, but a pen picture of thought cannot describe its wondrous beauty. It is real and must be seen to be appreciated. A mere pen description cannot do it justice.

My grandparents, particularly my grandmother, probably snorted at these overripe sentiments. But otherwise the property suited enough to be brought up to snuff from its dilapidated condition by some money and a lot of hard work. Fayetteville suited more than enough with its hills and views and the twin towers of Old Main in the distance. In June, 1910, the Knerrs bought the property. It took them four months to pack up and ship out furnishings, and to do all the tedious shifting around of things which moving a household always brings to light. "Breaking up housekeeping" is still a vivid term for it. In November the chickens were moved out of the "Walker Place," and the Knerr family moved in.

My grandfather's work was cut out for him. He started by converting the lower "store room" to a laundry room, and added another bathroom on the second floor. He took out the narrow, back stairs and put new, wide solid oak ones in. He hammered up a decorative pressed tin ceiling on the long upper south gallery. He added on a concrete-floored back porch at the northeast corner of the house, and also gave it a pressed tin ceiling.

He tore down both sets of rickety wood steps that led up onto the lower south gallery and jettisoned the peeling and crumbling lattice work which had enclosed the well between the two decrepit stairsteps. Then he converted the major area of the gallery, with its southern exposure, into a screened porch. Outside the double doors of the new enclosed porch he poured a wide outer concrete porch, with broad steps to a sidewalk below. The well acquired a concrete cover and top, but the pump and spout remained in full use for drinking water. The other water in the house came from the water main which crossed the land but had not yet been treated. (For years there was never a water bill to pay because of this.) The pump water from the well was tested regularly, and in the 1940's became too polluted to use. I remember the fascination that faucet-oriented children felt

Remodeled Lower Gallery with Well Pump on Outer Porch



for that pump. You pumped and pumped, and finally water gushed out, to screams of delight and wild jumping around... I wonder what happened to that old pump.

At the front of the house the square wooden pillars lay on a disintegrating wooden porch floor. The whole house was anchored on a natural rock foundation, but Grandfather felt that more support for the pillars was necessary. He laid a large rectangular concrete porch around the two front pillars, back to the brick foundation where the two rear pillars were set against the wall. The rotting ends of the two front pillars were sawed off straight and placed on two square foot-and-a-half concrete base supports. Grandfather also built two wide, extending, side walkways of concrete one step down, under the north and south double windows facing west on both sides of the main entrance.

From all accounts Grandfather used the "Leeper stepping-stone" as part of the foundation under the new concrete porch. This was a long brownish-orange block of sandstone with the name "Leeper" carved on one side. It was found by the Knerrs, pushed in place against the middle of the wooden porch on the first bricks of the brick walk that led down to the wagon track at the end of the lawn. From Walker letters, it appears that this oblong native stone had been Mathew Leeper's stepping-stone when his log house was on the site. Apparently it had survived the fire and destruction of the Civil War, and the Walkers must have used their Uncle Mathew's marker as a stepping-stone too when their own house was built. They had even matched it with two other similar stones, uncarved however. One served as a step at the end of the front brick walk and is still there. Another was found later at the back of the house, probably used as a threshold for a privy. Grandfather moved it to the end of the new southwest front walk leading off the front porch, knowing it would be much more in use there than at the north end. But before this came the renovation of the house front, and the "Leeper stepping-stone", though it can be seen in one early 1910 picture, ended up embedded in the concrete undergirding of the new front porch. When I first learned of the existence of the "Leeper stepping-stone", I groaned and wished loud and long that Grandfather had just left the stone's carved side at least showing somewhere, as a curiosity maybe, if not a sort of touchstone for other generations. But present needs must often prevail, and Grandfather thriftily wasted not and used the stone where he needed it at the time.

Inside the house other changes would be made over the years. In addition to the cellar stairway built into the kitchen, Grandfather added a closet under the back stairwell and storage chests under the front stairwell. Later he would add deep bookshelves built into the north library wall past the fireplace. In the east dining room wall he was to add the china closet built in with cabinets, shelves, and drawers.

Perhaps the most ambitious undertaking was the enclosure of ten feet of the west end of the lower south gallery as a small sewing room. With four females in the family, a place to sew was a necessity. The north and west walls of this small room were brick since they had formerly been part of the outer walls of the house. Grandmother did not want the beautiful brick covered over with

plaster, but instead asked Grandfather to paint it in three harmonious shades of terra cotta, deeper at the floor and lightening toward the ceiling. Her taste in "decorating" was ahead of her day and remains genuine.

Outside the house Grandfather fenced about twelve acres of pasture and most of his other acreage, which included Ghost Hollow. He built a large barn which still stands, and a chicken house (which does not), and equipped them both with concrete floors. Actually the chicken house was the first one in Washington County to boast a concrete floor! (Aunt Ina Knerr, who always got her facts straight, told me this, and I have no reason to doubt it.) As a matter of fact the concrete floor is still there, as good as the day it was poured; however, a new "studio-shed" rises on it.

Shed Showing "Chicken House" Concrete Floor and the Old Barn

Behind the house and slightly to the south was a large, terraced, well-weeded vegetable garden, fenced to keep out the "pesky" rabbits and other vegetarian mammals. Apple, peach, plum, and cherry trees were planted and nurtured. Soon the cellar became stocked with home-canned produce of every description.

Ina, the eldest Knerr daughter, loved flowers with the passion and dedication of a true green-thumb gardener. She somehow found time from her work in the cataloguing department at the University of Arkansas library, and her many household responsibilities, to grow dozens of varieties of annual and perennial flowers and shrubs all over the large yard. Eventually she catalogued for herself the entire range of her plantings by either date, location, name, donor — or all of these categories. A small extract from her catalogue follows:

"Joy Pratt Markham - 7 Hardy Amaryllis - Oct. 25, 1951
Viola Kerr - Golden rain tree - South, below terrace
Jobelle Holcombe - Flowering almond - South border
Ralph Shreve - Bluebells - April 14, 1954"

By the south end of the brick walk down from the front porch almost to the road grew a large smoke tree (*cotinus obovatus*). Susan H. Walker, in a back-of-picture letter to her nephew Wythe in 1932, mentions a "smoke tree or Jupiter's Beard" in her somewhat idealized description of the grounds of the house during the Walker's tenure. The bush-like tree (or most likely its descendants) must be very old.

Grandmother planted a beautiful ginkgo tree in the south yard, probably around 1911-1913. It is seventy or so years old now, one of the few in Fayetteville. There was a particularly well-grown specimen of this ancient, "living fossil" tree (which is native to China) on the University campus years ago. I remember every autumn how I liked walking along slowly and pausing under its pale gold light. It was "removed" to make room for something later, probably parking. The leaves of the ginkgo tree are shaped like small fans and are fern-like. In fact another name for the tree is "maidenhair tree." The cool green of the leaves turns to a pale translucent yellow in the fall, given the right weather conditions, and when they fall, disappear from the tree all at once. The ground below is a golden circle for a day or so.

Grandmother also planted a long hedge of japonica (quince) all along the south border of the lawn where gradually a driveway developed, turning in from the front to run along the side and then circle north toward the barn. In Roberta Fulbright's column, *As I See It*, one spring in the thirties, mention is made of the japonica (quince) hedge; it was already known to many friends and flower-lovers of Fayetteville. In those days Fayetteville's population was around seven thousand, and probably many of those who drove up Rock Street Hill to see the flowers and the hedge (and the house) were known to Grandmother and my aunts. In 1911 Grandmother had planted another spring-flowering shrub under the new sewing room windows at the south. This was the spice-bush *(Lindera aestivalis)*, which has grown and spread and bloomed early every spring since, delighting four generations with its bright yellow blossoms and spicy fragrance. The quince hedge eventually became too much to be kept up by Aunt Ina, who lived alone in the big house after Grandmother died in 1943.

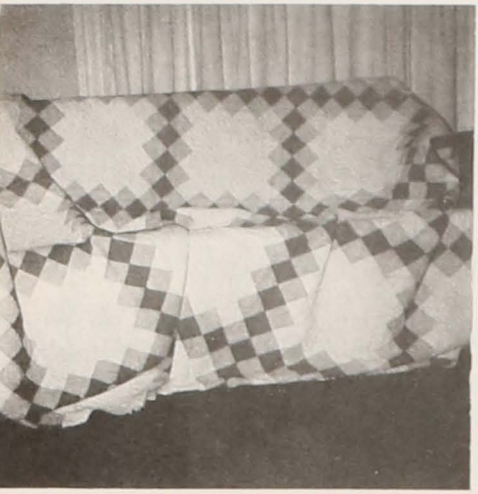
Grandmother lived in the house for thirty-three years, but when I was a child, it seemed to me as though she had lived there forever. To her only grandchildren, Bee Knerr Bassett's four children, the house was always "Grandmother's." Somehow she defined it, and it defined her. Even though my grandfather had put in years of hard work on adding improvements, and though Aunt Ina contributed much of the actual upkeep in expenses and work — still "Grandmother's house" seemed the most natural thing to say about the place we all loved.

Nancy Ida Corbett was my grandmother's name. She was named for her maternal grandmother, Nancy Magee Clough (1805-1890). Nancy Magee's sampler, made in 1814 when Nancy was nine years old, hangs in my front hall today (1983). Our ancestry on this line of descent goes back, as far as has been traced by us, to William Frampton of Philadelphia. William Frampton was a member of the Provincial Council of Pennsylvania and a Justice of

Philadelphia in 1686. Later, beginning in 1780, another William Frampton of the same line served three years in the Pennsylvania Militia of Cumberland County "to guard the frontier against the incursions of the Indians." But Grandmother was never an ancestor-worshipper, though she was justly proud of her family.

She was a woman of great intellectual ability, but in her day in rural southeastern Iowa where her branch of the family — the Cloughs — had settled, academic opportunities for women were almost non-existent. She desperately wanted to go to college, but there was no possibility of being able to go East to do so. She therefore educated herself, by wide and fertile reading. She read everything she could get her hands on — books, periodicals, newspapers. Much of her library is still in the house. Using her salary from an early teaching job, she subscribed to the University of Chicago's "Home Education Courses," and studied in depth a range of subjects from geography to theology. After her marriage she went right on reading, and was to sponsor many sessions of the Chatauqua Association through the years. She was usually one of the Directors of the yearly "Allerton Chatauqua Assembly", and no doubt encouraged my grandfather to take out a substantial advertisement each year in the brochures printed for the week-long programs of lectures, musical events, and other cultural offerings. Many of these seem very dubious today, but at the turn of the century you took what you could get in the hinterlands. Grandmother also gently pushed her husband toward his civic duties, and sat in for him often at meetings of the local School Board. She also quietly became a "Free Thinker" (with a membership certificate to prove it, which I framed and hung up sixty-five years later). She had a remarkable memory, and her ability to quote poetry and other appropriate literary passages stayed with her to the end of her life. Emerson was her lodestar, among American writers; I think she knew most of *Self-Reliance* by heart.

The First Prize Quilt



The Seventy-Year-Old Ginkgo

Along with all these indications of intellectual vitality, Ida Corbett Knerr (by now she had dropped "Nancy" for practical uses) was a superb cook and an expert seamstress.Her bread and doughnuts were famous among her family and friends. In 1916, after the Knerrs had moved to Fayetteville in 1910, she won first prize at the Washington County Fair with an elegant red and white quilt. (It too remains in the house, stored with its blue First Premium tag attached, in the oak settle in the northwest bedroom. I suppose I ought to look up the pattern, but knowing Grandmother I think she probably designed it herself.) She saw to it that a mahogany piano was bought and that her children took music lessons. She herself was a painter, again self-taught, whose talent seems evident in the few oil paintings she kept. "I.C.K.'s" independent spirit, breadth of learning, and strength of character lasted throughout her lifetime. She was a person of natural influence. Perhaps that is why her grandchildren still think of the house they associate with her as Grandmother's house.

Over the years the house had been heated first by its fireplaces and then by a succession of big, ugly, freestanding "circulators" that in turn burned wood, coal, and finally gas. Water, as noted, came from the well, and when it was eventually piped into the house, was free (but not treated) for many years because the water main passed over the back reaches of the property. When the city enlarged its treatment and distribution facilities, "city water" at last flowed from the faucets. Lighting went from oil and kerosene lamps of all kinds to the electricity of converted fixtures and dangling bare bulbs.

In 1960 when my husband and I (as a Knerr granddaughter) were able to purchase the house from the three Knerr sisters, we put in new electrical and plumbing systems. It was difficult at best. There was no way to install central heating through the eighteen-inch thick brick walls, without massive costs. We added new gas outlets, and have continued to use carefully vented gas circulators along with gas logs. We have kept hoping to arrange for the chimneys to be cleaned and certified safe for woodburning in some of the fireplaces.

My husband, Franklin S. Williams, and I had been married in the house in 1945, in the same library bay window setting where my mother and father, Bee Knerr and Woodson W. Bassett, were married in 1919, and where Dorothy Knerr and Lyle L. Bryan were married in 1922. Another generation followed this tradition in 1978.

We have painted, painted, painted — inside and out. We have replaced some ceilings but not lowered them. We have restored some floors and carpeted some. We now have two and a half updated bathrooms, a renovated kitchen, and three double closets with storage above. For two years after we moved in, I sorted out unbelievable quantities of things, discarded much that was ruined, and saved much that had survived. Grandmother and Aunt Ina never threw anything away.

Two minor structural changes were made. This time the east end of the lower south gallery was enclosed, to make the bathroom-laundry available from indoors. (The Knerr sisters never got used to going out of the kitchen

and the house through the back hall — that door had never been used in their time.) Upstairs a similar change was made. To give access from the southwest bedroom to the back bathroom, a door was cut through the northeast corner of the room and a hall built down that end of the middle bedroom. In the northwest bedroom with its north, west, and east exposures a bathroom was added, the brick fireplace wall exposed, and one of the double closets built in. Small chandeliers added to the two front bedrooms came from the old Washington Hotel, which was torn down in 1959.

In the yard outside the house, we worked hard (and still do) just to keep back the invading honeysuckle, hop vine, locust and hackberry sprouts, plantain, ragweed, buck brush, and wild onion. In 1961 we killed two snakes in the house, but have had none since. In that year too we eliminated (visible) scorpions, and with the help of our English springer spaniel, Buck, we permanently evicted a rat couple who had a cozy nest set up in a desk drawer in the library.

In the process of keeping the brush away from the house and out of the yard we have discovered old iron artifacts from time to time. My brother, W.W. Bassett, Jr., with his metal detector, has also added to an array of these objects which I hung up on old square nails outside against the east kitchen brick wall. There are horseshoes of course, and solid pieces probably from farm implements, and an interesting long wrought iron piece. On a locust stump in the front yard is a big old heavy iron kettle (with the bottom rusted out and filled now with potting soil); I dug it up one year from a spot in the back yard between two of our largest walnut trees.

Through the years the tangled and tenacious overgrowth of brush and vines and even trees had obscured some of the architectural characteristics of the house. According to Cyrus A. Sutherland, professor of architecture at the University of Arkansas, the house is a "2-story brick Georgian plan, with Victorian ornament."

In 1972 Professor Sutherland produced a University of Arkansas Centennial Exhibition of remarkable black and white photographs, eighty-nine in all, which were presented as a photographic essay of Arkansas' architecture of the nineteenth century. A couple of dozen photographs were 32 x 32, the one of our house among them. The others were of varying sizes, but mostly 16 x 16. To Professor Sutherland must go much of the credit for stimulating statewide interest in the preservation of Arkansas' best examples of historic and architecturally valid structures. His comprehensive and scholarly evaluations of various buildings around the state, particularly in Washington County, have resulted in many nominations to the National Register of Historic Places. One of the first of these was Grandmother's house.

At any rate after the exhibition of photographs, interviews began to take place. Questions were asked and answered. Research was undertaken. Visitors from Little Rock were conducted on tours of the house. Finally in June, 1975 we were officially notified that the house had been placed on the National Register of Historic Places. Its official title was now the *Walker-Knerr-Williams House*. We were presented a crackling parchment certificate with hand-inked Gothic lettering and signatures by the head of the Arkansas

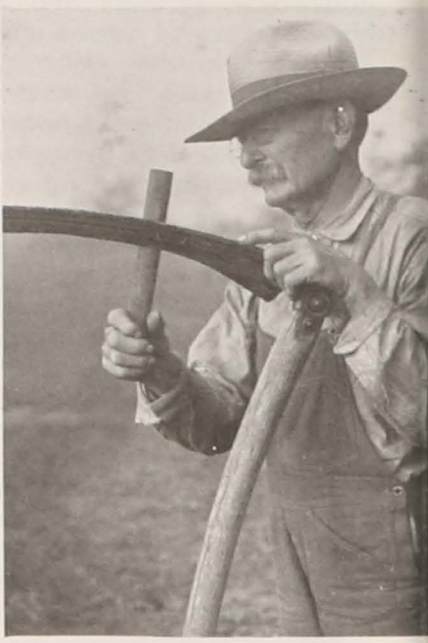
Preservation Program and Governor David Pryor. Newspaper announcements and articles appeared, and congratulations poured in. In 1960 Pat Donat had written a feature article for the *Northwest Arkansas Times* about the old house when we had first moved in. Now in 1975 Mrs. Donat, *Times* staff writer, wrote the following passages which are excerpted from her article in the *Times* to announce the selection of the house for the National Register:

> Both historically and architecturally the house is a tangible reminder of the 19th century. Its Georgian style with Victorian trim presents a serene and dignified and harmonious facade of brick, stone and wood.
>
> The house from every aspect pleases the eye. The strong T-shape is accentuated by four chimneys. The two bay windows on the north and south elevations of the front portion of the house, the two story front portico and the long second floor gallery are features which adorn the basic structure. The balanced windows, doors and pillars, give a look of simple, but genuine elegance.
>
> The bracketed cornice work and paired segmental arched windows are typical decorations around the front portion of the structure.
>
> The ceilings are 14 feet in height in front and 12 feet in the stem. The large rooms graced with natural light, remain much the same as when originally constructed...
>
> The Williams house, Old Main and the Gregg house have important characteristics in common. All were built by W.Z. Mayes and the red brick used in each was locally produced from the same clay deposit and fired by John L. Kelton.
>
> The house has 18-inch thick downstair partitions, eight fireplaces, seven double windows, four chimneys and two (double) doors with bars and iron supports.
>
> It is quite similar to the Lafayette Gregg house. Both are two-story red brick construction with two story wooden porticos and paired ornamental brackets. Other interesting architectural features in the Walker house are the paired bay windows, arched entry ways and the second story gallery on the south elevation.

A Walker letter in the *Appendix to the Walker Family Letters,* compiled by Walter J. Lemke in 1956 in a Washington County Historical Society publication, is one more testament to the fact that W. Zera Mayes was the contractor for the house. There is also mention of a "Blackmer" in the letter, who was to be given money. Some research indicates that it probably was John L. Kelton though who produced the bricks for the front portion of the house. "About 1870 John Kelton and Mr. Vest opened one" (a brickyard). S.H. Blackmer's brick business, however, did not begin until 1876, according to published record. The reference to him in the Walker letter though does seem to indicate that he may have supplied the bricks for the stem portion of the house.

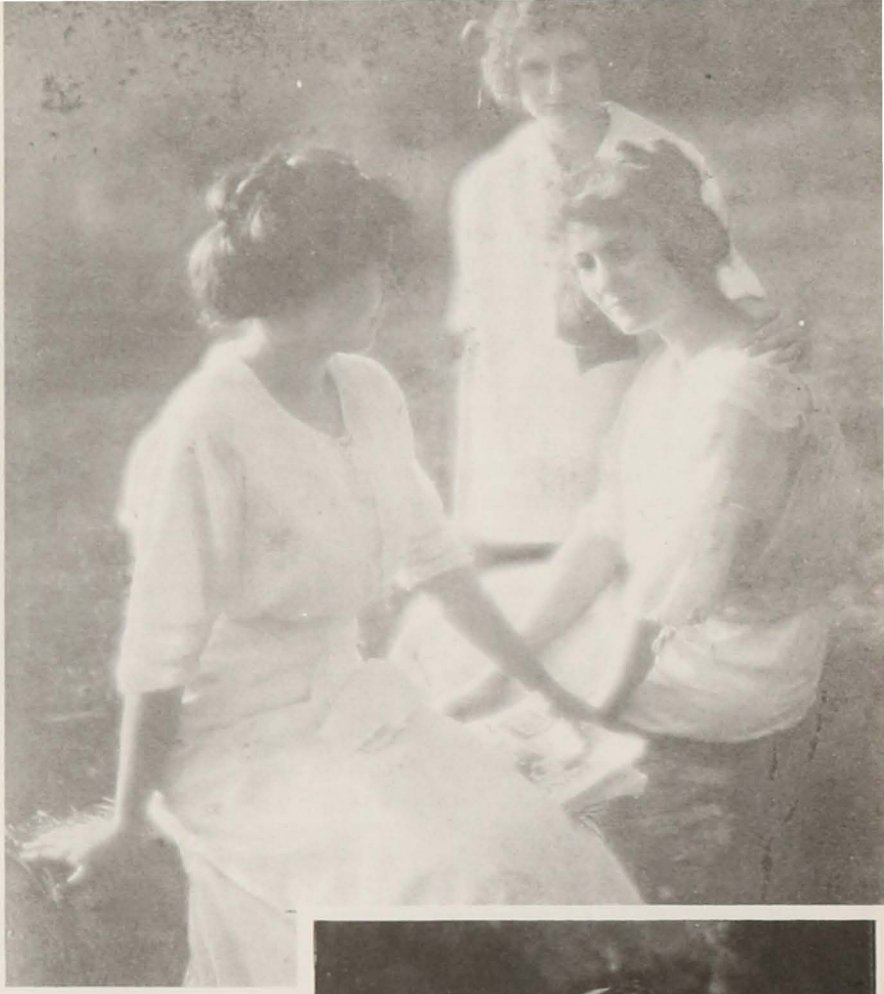
The Story Continues on Page 26

Grandmother Knerr



Grandfather Knerr

Walker-Knerr-Williams Home about 1960



Above photo by J.H. Fields Showing the Knerr Sisters Early 1900's Ina Facing Bee with Dorothy in Background

At Right Bee Knerr, Betty Williams' Mother, as a Child. Photograph Taken in the 1890's

The following excerpts are from an article published in *The Grapevine* of October 11, 1978, by David Knoll, a residential designer and builder and a lay architect. The article is entitled: *Early Fayetteville Architecture: W.Z. Mayes.*

At Mayes' disposal were local tradesmen well accomplished in the language of classical decorative motif. They knew how to shape an Italianate bracket. Or a Second Empire dormer. Or a Gothic Lintel. But in those days craftsmen were given plenty of room to do things according to their personal methods and discretion. So that, looking at the three buildings, an effect of kinship of the personal methods of building within a stylistic mode comes through. Local tradesmen using local materials.

At Mayes' disposal, too, was a wealth of building material to be taken from the forests and ground of the Ozarks. Timber, stone and clay of the area were used to build these three native structures. Local mills, quarries, and kilns produced the bulk of what now still stands since the 1870s. Today the red-orange brick and brown-orange sandstone speak to us of a common origin, the soil of the Ozarks.

By the orchestration of a local wealth, Mayes produced an intrinsicly (sic) indigenous architecture in these three examples of classical buildings which have been admired by many since their coming into being. He produced a truly local statement with these buildings in spite of their commonality with a popularly widespread style, and he did this notwithstanding the formality of the style.

More so in the Gregg and Walker-Knerr houses than Old Main, Mayes accomplished another feat despite the confines of the stylistic mode within which he worked. The two houses have a quietness about them. In a time when the homes of public figures like Lafayette Gregg and Judge David Walker were often made bulky and bristling, these have a modesty which speaks of an aesthetic restraint, a fine understanding of proportion and an unusual sensitivity to the scale of a building in relation to its human occupants, stuff that today still is meaningful.

In the hands of a less competent builder working for wealthy clients, these two houses might today sport an ostentatiously sized "portico". Instead, the formal entry is heralded and protected by a modest but adequate porch, clothed in the decorative elements of the style. In the hands of a less capable designer, the homes of these prominent clients might have boasted a cloak of rampant decoration. Instead, the decorative motif is applied in a few well chosen instances, and the form of the brick volume is purely expressed. Working in an era which expressed itself architecturally with a classical language of building, the makers of these structures were able to say something ageless about the needs of all people. This is why people today respond so positively to them. The accomplishment of this is the deeper source of the popular attraction of these buildings which stand noble among the Ozarks.

Mention here needs to be made again of the curious fact that although the land where the house was built had belonged to Senator James David Walker since 1859, and it was Senator Walker's family who lived there from 1878 to 1908, it is his father-in-law and kinsman, Judge David Walker, who is somehow the Walker associated in people's minds with this house. Of course Judge Walker had owned the land itself before his son-in-law did, and he probably paid for the construction of the house, and even for many of its furnishings. But after all James David *was* a United States Senator, and it was his residence. I suggest (quite unscientifically) that the reason for this persistent association may lie in the force and strength of character that Judge Walker projected. This of course is not to demean Senator Walker in any way. It is only to point out the tangible nature of a strong personality in connection with times and places.

A few other notes remain on some features of the construction of the house. (These notes were compiled by Ina H. Knerr.) Hard pine was used for the interior trim, with panelled casings for the doors. In the front section there are seven double windows (forerunners of the "picture window"). Windows in the back section are single with six panes to a sash. The two lower front rooms, the parlor and library, are eighteen by eighteen with the bays each adding an additional five feet. Also here the baseboards are fourteen and a half inches hight, going up to nineteen inches under the windows. The windows are set in halfway in the brick walls to produce a balanced effect.

Throughout many of the years when the Knerrs lived in the house, Fayetteville photographer J.H. Fields had liked to photograph not only the house and grounds in their varying seasonal settings, but also Ghost Hollow spots and the whole Knerr family. To quote the *Northwest Arkansas Times* of February 13, 1933: "Field (s) has won national and international notice by his art work and has been adjudged one of Armerica's four leading art photographers." However well that evaluation stands the test of time, Fields' use of light and shadow does seem genuinely interpreted. One early view of the house from far back north up the road is especially familiar and evocative to me.

We would never have been able to buy the house from the three Knerr sisters, after returning to Fayetteville to live in 1959, if Aunt Ina Knerr had not kept living in it after Grandmother's death in 1943. She kept it up as she could all that time. During the years of the Depression (I find "Great" redundant), Aunt Ina was the only one in the family with a regular paycheck. She shared it with both her sisters many times when their husbands were hard pressed. She was the classic spinster daughter (in many ways like Miss Sue Walker, I have come to believe) who gave her main attention in life to family affairs. She was an unselfish daughter, sister, and aunt — and lives on in our children's minds as their beloved "Nina".

She never forgot a birthday or a special day. Though she always put her family first, she had a wide and eclectic circle of devoted friends all over town. For years she walked to and from the University. She adhered to her principles quietly but firmly; I remember with wry affection that she was the

only University staff member who refused to sign up for Social Security when it first started. No one from the President of the University on down could persuade her otherwise.

She was always doing small things for people; I remember Grandmother's voice (and hers, and my mother's): "The gift without the giver is bare." Aunt Ina was a true giver. I see her on her knees weeding her treasured flowers, and making the rounds in the house to bring water to her African violets. I see her cracking black walnuts on the special rock with hollows in it. I see her, in her flowered smock-aprons, making persimmon puddings in the kitchen, with the black walnuts picked out and persimmons from the tall tree by the barn. I see her narrowing down her paths through the house as it became harder and harder to manage... More than Grandmother she was the family historian. She was proud of her own family history and traditions, and also respected the history and traditions of the Walker family.

Snapshot made in 1957 of Aunt Ina Knerr Holding Phil (Philip Franklin Corbett Williams)

A Chandelier from the Old Washington Hotel

In September, 1961, delivered by way of W.J. Lemke, we received a letter with two enclosures from J. Wythe Walker, whose business address was on Madison Avenue in New York City. The enclosures were photostatic copies of both the oldest picture of the house that we had ever seen (made in 1885, according to Mr. Walker) and a short letter which we supposed had been written on the back of the picture "for Wythe Jr." from "Aunt Sue" on

June 25, 1932. Mr. Walker's letter was amusing and gracious, but puzzling and quite inaccurate in a few respects. I have preserved the letter of course, and annotated it from time to time, particularly as I researched this history. Historical accuracy is a tricky thing at best.

Later we were sent the original photograph. It was in fragile condition, and on the back as we had thought was Sue Walker's peroration. She was seventy-five years old in 1932 when she wrote these words:

> "This house was once the scene of lavish Southern hospitality and the *view* from (the house and in) every direction (on) the place was beautiful. On summer nights Band concerts could be plainly heard from the town "square" — many of the State's foremost citizens were guests here; and the cool breezes and royal welcome accorded relatives and friends made it a favorite visiting place each Summer — The old rock wall garden on the south, devoted to fruit and flowers, is but a *memory* now! The Isabella grape arbor, pink magnolia tree, almond tree, "Jupiter's Beard" or smoke tree — Quince, pear, luscious peaches, strawberries etc all gone as are the gracious loving couple and their (seven) children who made it home! Only three (of the seven) remain — your Uncles Vol and Dave and myself — The old walls now the abode of aliens seem to cry out to me "Ichabod, Ichabod!"
>
> Aunt Sue.
>
> June 25th 1932."

Where indeed is the glory? It was only natural for Susan H. Walker to turn to the past in her later years and recall with affection and grief the old days when the numerous numbers of her family were known to everybody and admired by all. It must have been very painful for her as one by one her family dwindled away.

James David and Mary Walker were the parents of nine children; perhaps the deaths at an early age of two of them had receded in Miss Sue's memory. Another two children lived to be fourteen and fifteen years old respectively. From the summer of 1937 until her death in the fall of 1939, Miss Sue was cared for in the home of the rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Samuel H. Rainey, and his family. All the other Walkers in Fayetteville were gone.

Jacob Wythe Walker had died in 1928, leaving three sons as the only survivors of James David and Mary Walker's family. Before that Jack had died, unmarried, in 1923. James Volney was to die in 1933, leaving one son who did not survive to marry. "Dave" died, unmarried, in 1936. Finally in 1939 Miss Sue died, the oldest child of the only Walker family ever to live in the Walker-Knerr-Williams House.

A little more research into Allan S. Humphrey's genealogy of the Walker family of northwest Arkansas reveals that the present Jacob Wythe Walker (1983) is the only male descendant of Senator James David Walker, and may be the only male descendant of Judge David Walker bearing the surname.

The present Jacob Wythe (or J. Wythe) is the sixth generation to bear that name and is the son of Miss Sue's nephew, Jacob Wythe Walker and his wife, Frances Stone Walker.

Judge David Walker's third son, Edmund Hawkins Walker, married Susan Pegram, a granddaughter of Judge Walker's first cousin, James Volney Walker (also Senator Walker's father). Judge Walker's oldest son, as noted, was killed in the Civil War. His second son had three daughters, and his youngest son had two daughters. Edmund and Susan Walker had three sons and two daughters, but their birthdates and whereabouts were not recorded by Professor Humphreys. However, more research produced the following information. Two small graves in the Walker cemetery are those of two sons of Edmund Hawkins and Susan Pegram Walker, "Jacob Wythe" (1876-1882) and "Bennie" (1873-1891). John, the oldest son, may have survived.

But Miss Sue's impassioned words to her nephew always strike a sympathetic chord in my sensibilities. "The old walls... cry out to me, 'Ichabod, Ichabod!" The Hebrew translation from I Samuel sounds one of the most tragic notes in the whole of human existence: "The glory is departed..." Still, today "the old walls" (because of much human effort) look good for another generation or two. In the long run it is not whether a particular family occupies a particular house for a particular length of time — it is not this that is important. What is important is the measure of cherishing and nurturing the essence or spirit of a structure which has somehow conveyed a sense of value to many different minds. Occasionally persons see in various art forms something of value to them as human beings. There seems to be no one set formula for this value. Mere antiquity may mean little. Largeness of scale or unique effect of decoration may be only curious characteristics. Some art forms are perceptible only to a highly educated eye. But there are others — a gleam of particular yellow in a painting, the imagery of certain words, a phrase of music, the shaping of brick and wood and stone — these elements of form speak with sure immediacy to many who listen and look.

For myself, Grandmother's house has always spoken this way. Many other people have seemed to respond to the house with the same awareness, in whatever way they can express their feelings. The house seems to have given to them, as it has to me, a sense of beauty, of balanced form and shape, a glimpse of timelessness that carries the intuitive knowledge of human worth.

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NEW PRIZES ESTABLISHED FOR WOMEN HISTORIANS

The Southern Association of Women Historians is delighted to announce the decision of its members to establish two prizes for publication and to solicit contributions to an endowment to support these prizes. Each prize will be awarded every two years and will consist of $500 and a plaque. The Julia Cherry Spruill Publication Prize in Southern Women's History will be for the best published work (book or article) on the history of Southern women. The Willie Lee Rose Publication Prize in Southern History will be for the best book on Southern history authored by a woman.

The Committee to Raise a $10,000 Endowment is chaired by Professor Judith F. Gentry. Ann Firor Scott chairs the Julia Cherry Spruill Prize Fund Committee, and Carol Bleser chairs the Willie Lee Rose Prize Fund Committee.

The Southern Association of Women Historians is a tax exempt organization and all contributions are tax deductible. Contributors may specify to which fund they are contributing, but a general contribution to the Prize Endowment will allow flexibility. Checks should be made out to the Southern Association of Women Historians and sent to: Professor Judith F. Gentry, Department of History, University of Southwestern Louisiana, Lafayette, LA 70504.

A CHEROKEE WEDDING

by Virgil Talbot

In the last quarter of the 19th century many white citizens intermarried into the Cherokee Indians. Many of these marriages involved citizens from Washington County, Arkansas and took place in the Going Snake District of the Cherokee Nation. This District comprised the northern part of what is now Adair County, the eastern edge of Cherokee County and the southern part of Delaware County, including all south of Flint Creek. The Cherokee Nation was, of course, in the northeastern part of present-day Oklahoma.

The two items below were copied from the microfilm records of Going Snake District from 1880 to 1898. These microfilm records are in the Going Snake District Heritage Association library, which is in the John Henderson Public Library, Westville, OK and may be viewed during library hours. There were 316 marriages on which I have copied all pertinent information. These two marriages typify the two kinds of marriages in the Cherokee Nation. Both involve Washington County citizens.

On the 15th of December, 1887, J.C. Dudley, a U.S. citizen, married M.E. Foreman, a Cherokee. The Rev. Adam Lacie, a well known Baptist minister, performed the ceremony. Under Cherokee laws, Dudley, like all white men marrying Cherokee women, had to submit a petition signed by ten citizens of the Cherokee Nation, attesting to his good character. Three years later, for some reason not explained in the records, the following was placed in the books (page 105):

Certification for J.C. Dudley

J.C. Dudley Recommendation

State of Arkansas, County of Washington: I, J.E. Suttel (?) Clerk of the County Court and State aforesaid do hereby certify that I am personally acquainted with all the parties that have signed (the) attached recommendation of J.C. Dudleys and that they are all honest, respectable gentlemen in every respect.

Witness my hand and seal this 21st day of Feb. 1890

/s/ J.E. Suttel
County Clerk

Cincinnati, Ark, Feb. 19, 1890

We the undersigned citizens of Washington County, Ark. hereby certify that we have known J.C. Dudley from his boyhood and he has always been a good moral gentleman.

Respectfully,

/s/ H.S. Spivy (?)	D.B. Mason
J.C. Watts	J.W. Webster
W.B. Rhea	R.J. Ellis
John M. Cox	James Oates
H.C. May	S.W. Spence

Several of the gentlemen listed above were well known citizens of Cincinnati. J.C. Watts and his family were early-day members of the Methodist

Church. W.B. Rhea was the son of W.H. Rhea of Rhea's Mill. The younger Rhea had a store in Cincinnati, as did his brother Robert J. Rhea. Hugh May and his brother Dick were members of the mysterious Russian Prince Dolgaruki's band. The Prince, known to the children as "Dolly" taught music in Cincinnati and had a band which used a "music room" housed in a building containing a feed store and millinery shop. The Prince disappeared from Cincinnati as mysteriously as he came.

Daniel Mason operated the Mason Hotel, a popular haven of rest for many years. He was also vice president of the Cincinnati Academy. It is said that Will Rogers once attended school in Cincinnati at one time. James Oates was an Englishman who served as postmaster, as well as owning a combination blacksmith and wagon factory where he built wagons, buggies, farming tools and caskets. Samuel Spence served as postmaster of Cincinnati 1889-1893 and again 1897-1900.

Marriages between two Cherokee citizens or between two U.S. citizens required only a religious or civil ceremony. The bride and groom in the wedding below were not identified as to citizenship, but were probably Cherokee citizens.

> Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory, Going Snake District
>
> I, Nathan R. West, a minister of gospel, hereby certify that on the 3rd Sabbath of December 1889, I joined in the holy bonds of matrimony and performed the rites and ceremonies of marriage between Mr. William M. Duncan and Miss Sallie M. Gulledge, according to the usual customs and laws of the Cherokee Nation. Given under my hand on this 3rd Sabbath of December, A.D. 1889.
>
> /s/ N.R. West, L.D., of the
> ME Church South

The "3rd Sabbath" was 15 December 1889. The marriage was recorded on 1 January 1893 by J.R. Garrett, Clerk, Going Snake District, C.N. It appears that ministers would often lose or mislay the marriage certification for months or even years, before turning it in to the clerk of the district. Nathan Renshaw West was born 24 December 1810 in Rown County, North Carolina, the son of Thomas and Mary Renshaw West. The Wests came to Washington County about 1830 and settled near Summers. About two years later, Nathan married Elizabeth Summers, sister of John F. Summers, for whom Summers, Arkansas was named. Nathan and several of his brothers were Methodist ministers. He was the great uncle of my wife, Avis West Talbot. He died 1 April 1899 and is buried in the old West Cemetery, located on the old Tennant place, southwest of Summers.

Nathan's son, Pleasant ("Ples") West, married Nancy Rebecca Jones, daughter of Middleton and Elizabeth Thornberry Jones, who lived near Cincinnati. Ples West was a schoolteacher and is said to have manufactured the "West Wagons" in Cincinnati. He died in 1911 and is buried at Poteau, Oklahoma.

For many years Cincinnati was a popular trading post among the citizens of the Cherokee Nation.

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(Editor's Note: The Washington County Historical Society is grateful to Mr. Talbot for the gift of his book *The Talbots: Centuries of Service*. He has additional copies for sale for $14.60 postpaid which may be ordered by addressing him at Route 4, Box 6, Colcord, OK 74338.)

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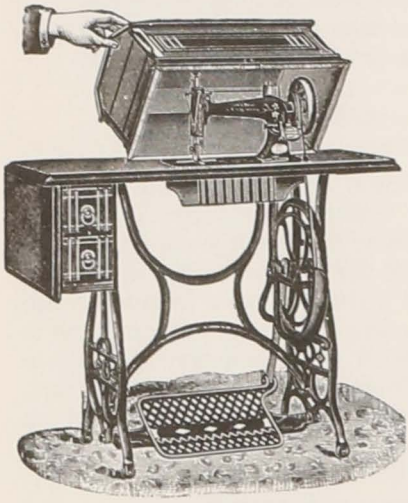

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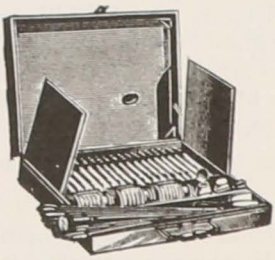

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W.S. "POP" GREGSON

As seen by W.J. Lemke

Walter Lemke must have been Mr. Gregson's most fervent admirer. Not only did he write about him in FLASHBACK (February of 1967) he circulated a whole string of anecdotes starring Gregson to his students and to members of the Washington County Historical Society. With the football season upon us, it seems appropriate to reprint some of these old stories as told by Lemke. Most of these are earlier — but undated.

It is impossible to compile a complete list of all the positions that W.S. Gregson has held at the University and all the duties he has performed during the past 30 years. A partial list of the titles he has held can be secured from catalogs, directories, and other records. They include: YMCA Secretary, University Chaplain, acting dean of men, sponsor of A.B.C., manager of Student Union, housing director, agent of athletic department, business manager of band, director of religious activities, SATC liaison officer, and director of summer school entertainment.

In addition, Greg has performed a great many services that bore no title. Thus, for many years he has been active in alumni work and in high school visitation. In one year he visited and spoke in over 200 Arkansas high schools. I took several state-wide trips with Pop Gregson. He knew the state fairly well, having spent his summers visiting various communities where there were U of A prospects. I bragged about the high schools where I had made speeches, ranging from Paragould to Texarkana and from Rogers to Pine Bluff. He shut me up south of Texarkana where he had spoken. I didn't know there was a high school in that corner of Arkansas. The name, I think, was Bright Star, close to the Texas line.

UofA presidents Futrall, Fulbright, Harding, and Jones could hardly have done without Greg's help. Faculty receptions always found Greg at the Prexy's right hand, to acquaint the president with his professors and vice versa.

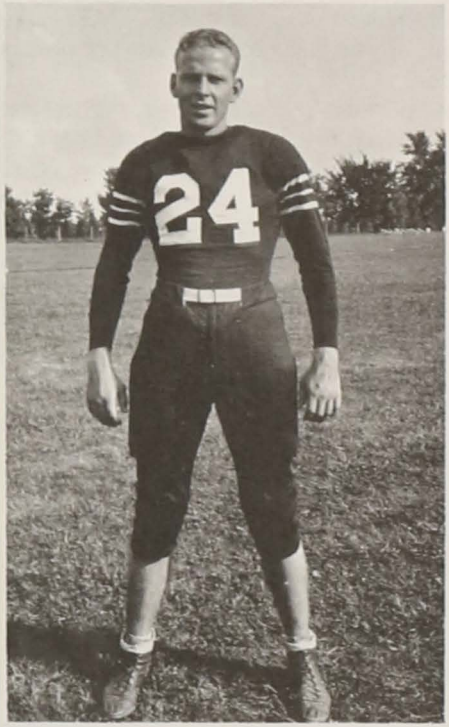
An achievement that Greg is very proud of occurred during World War II, when it became necessary to find living quarters for the Air Corps boys on the campus. As housing director, Greg moved out the 35 girls who occupied Davis Hall and replaced them with 125 men!

In addition to his many duties at the University, Greg has found time to do a lot of community work for the city of Fayetteville. He took a prominent part in the fight against the removal of the University. He was one of the active workers in bringing the Methodist Assembly and the U.S. Veterans Hospital to Fayetteville. He's an active and enthusiastic Rotarian, having served as district governor of Rotary. In August of this year *(sorry, no date given)* he will have completed 25 years of perfect attendance at Rotary meetings, which, if not a world's record, is mighty fine.

Thirty years of YMCA and Booster Club activity have brought tragedy, as well as comedy to W.S. Gregson's life.

The picture above was taken on the occasion when W.S. "Pop" Gregson received a gift from alumni of the University of Arkansas and other friends. The brief case contained $2,500 in U.S. bonds. Seated next to Gregson, left, was W.J. Lemke, and beyond him, C.G. "Crip" Hall, Arkansas secretary of state.

Greg was with Jack Newby when that great athlete died in the University infirmary. In his delirium Jack fought over again the games he had played with the Razorbacks. "An hour before Jack died," syas Greg, "he had more strength than half a dozen men. It was tragic that there was no way of using that superhuman strength to save his life."



Jack Newby and Greg about Time of Tragedy

When Lunday Corbett, another great athlete, was accidently electrocuted in his room in Hill Hall, it was up to Greg to break the shocking news to Corbett's parents, and it was Greg who accompanied the body to their home at Walnut Ridge.

A similar sad duty devolved on Greg on a football special train to Little Rock — a pleasure trip turned into tragedy. One of the students fell under the wheels of the train at the Conway depot and was fatally injured. Greg held the dying boy in his arms and a few hours later took the body to the boy's home at Hot Springs.

When a student died at the University, it was usually Greg who had to break the news to parents, offer condolences, and sometimes conduct the funeral services. Greg recalls a funeral that he conducted for a veteran of World War I who died in the University infirmary. The boy died on Saturday and the funeral was to be held on Sunday at Clifty in the Madison County hills. On Sunday morning Greg got some thirty veterans and several faculty members together (he recalls that T.C. Carlson and Dean Martin Nelson

were in the group), secured the use of several cars, and made the long journey to Clifty over mountain roads. The group reached Huntsville at noon. None of the boys had any money but Greg got the hotel owner to furnish the meal on credit. Late that afternoon they reached the churchyard at Clifty. The casket had been placed in a one-room country schoolhouse and the grave had been dug on a nearby hillside. There was no minister and no undertaker. The University boys carried the casket to the grave. There were no ropes with which to lower the casket, so the reins from a team of horses were used. Greg conducted the services.

W.S. Gregson was one of Arkansas' pioneer radio sports broadcasters. He used to broadcast the football games when the field was located back of where Razorback Hall now is. There was no broadcasting booth or other radio conveniences. Greg sat in the stands and his mike picked up all the noise of the crowd, often drowning out his voice. He also broadcast the Razorback basketball games from Schmidt's Barn. Here a little booth had been nailed high up on an end wall of the gym. To reach the broadcasting booth, a ladder was nailed to the wall. Greg still shudders when he thinks of that climb.

Football Team Leaving Schmidt's Barn

Greg has known intimately every Razorback drum major and cheerleader for 30 years. I asked him to name the best and he didn't hesitate. "Bobbie Kerr, who was killed in the war, was one of the best cheerleaders," he said. "Another good one was Bub Touhey, now of the Arkansas Power & Light Company." As to drum majors, this is Greg's verdict: "Norman (Jelly) Warnock and his cousin, Harry Crumpler, were our greatest drum majors."

As sponsor of the Arkansas Boosters Club, W.S. Gregson attended several stadium dedications. He recalls especially the dedication of the TCU

stadium at Fort Worth. "There was no public address system," says Greg. "The dedication ceremony lasted 30 minutes and the crowd in the stands couldn't hear a word that was said." He also remembers the dedication of Razorback stadium. The dedicatory address was by Harry Hopkins close friend and advisor of President Roosevelt. Greg rode up to the exercises with Hopkins and recalls this sentence from the eminent visitor's speech: "This stadium was built by the WPA and not by men leaning on shovels."

Dedication of Razorback Stadium 1938 WPA Adm Harry Hopkins Speaking

Back in the old days the Razorbacks occasionally played Hendrix and Ouachita in Little Rock. On one occasion the Arkansas Booster Club promoted a tag sale to raise money with which to send the band to Little Rock. Each sorority selected a candidate for queen; the group selling the most tags was to name the queen. W.S. Gregson had ordered the tags printed and on a certain day sent Chet Lauck (the "Lum" of Lum and Abner) down to the print shop to get the tags. On the way back to the campus, Chet stopped at a drug store where a group of Chi Omegas talked him into letting him have their supply of tags. Consequently, the ChiO's had a running start in the sale of the tags and easily named the queen. Greg recalls that other sororities raised plenty of hell. "Peg Lighton of the Zetas (later a Fayetteville attorney) was maddest of them all," says Greg.

In his unofficial job as campus greeter, W.S. Gregson has accompanied many famous persons about the campus. He recalls with pleasure his ac-

quaintance with Harry Hopkins, Pat Hurley (then secretary of war), Lord and Lady Halifax, Nino Martini, John R. Mott, Charlie Paddock (then the world's fastest human), Will Rogers, and many others.

Will Rogers was here twice on fund-raising missions for flood relief. The meetings were held in the old gym, affectionately known as "Schmidt's Barn". On Will's first visit, Greg had prepared a list of Fayetteville citizens and the amount they ought to give for flood relief. Will simply read aloud the name and amount and every single person on Greg's list came across with the donation.

Two or three years later Will Rogers returned to Schmidt's Barn on a similar mission of mercy. Before the meeting, Greg suggested to Will that he put in a plug for a new field house. Will did. He opened his speech with, "I didn't think the old barn would last so long."

In connection with the visit of Lord and Lady Halifax, Greg recalls that he had arranged the route of the parade, and phoned the principal of the Leverett school that the procession would make a turn directly in front of the school. So when the cars carrying the Halifax party reached the school, there were all the school children lined up and waving to the distinguished visitors. Much impressed, the Halifaxes stopped their cars, got out and shook hands with the children and invited them to England for a visit. This impromptu reception at the Leverett School took time away from President Harding's reception, but made a great hit with Lord and Lady Halifax.

Back in the old days the Arkansas-LSU game was always a feature of the Louisiana State Fair at Shreveport. The 135-piece LSU band always put on a big show that completely dwarfed the performance of the little 35-piece Razorback band. W.S. Gregson, for many business manager of the band, recalls that the Arkansas band had no uniforms. The boys simply wore white shirts and white duck pants, but to add a touch of color at Shreveport, Greg went to a store and bought some red cloth. He tore it in strips, which the band boys tied around their waist for a sash.

On one occasion at Shreveport, Greg was helping spot the players and sat near the microphone of the public address system. When the rival bands starting tooting, Greg held the mike in front of the Razorback band, with the result that 35 Arkansas musicians completely drowned out the 135-piece LSU band. Greg was finally and forcibly removed from the microphone or vice versa. Sponsor of the LSU band in those days was the late Huey P. Long. The Kingfish was inordinately proud of the Tiger band. Once, in the lobby of the Youree Hotel at Shreveport, the LSU band has been on the radio for 15 minutes. When their performance was over, Greg asked Huey Long if it wouldn't be possible for the Razorback band to play over the air. Huey promptly called the broadcasting station, insisted that whatever program was then being aired should be cut off immediately. So the Razorback band gave an unscheduled concert.

There's an old campus story to the effect that W.S. Gregson and Huey Long once swapped punches on a Shreveport street. Greg denies this. He tells the story thus: The Arkansas and LSU bands were parading down different streets, Greg leading the Razorback musicians and Huey twirling the

baton for the Tiger band. The two bands came together at the corner of the Youree Hotel. For a few minutes it looked like trouble, but then an alert photographer for the Shreveport Times took a picture of Greg and Huey shaking hands, and the danger of a ruckus was over.

It used to be customary for each of the rival teams to furnish a timekeeper. So once, when the Razorbacks went to Shreveport to play LSU, Coach Francis Amos Schmidt named W.S. Gregson as Arkansas' timekeeper. Schmitty led Greg over to the LSU bench and introduced him to Mike Donahue, the Tigers' coach. Donahue, impressed by the rugged honesty of Greg's countenance, said he would not name an LSU timekeeper but would let Greg be sold custodian of the stopwatch.

The game was a close one. The Razorbacks were leading 6 to 0 with five minutes left to play. About this time Greg began to feel the weight of his responsibility as sole timekeeper. His sensitive New England conscience prompted him to go to the LSU coach and suggest an assistant timekeeper. Donahue thought that would be a good idea, especially since LSU had possession of the ball, with a chance to tie or win the game in the few remaining minutes. So he sent an LSU chap out on the field to help Greg check on the stopwatch. When play was resumed, the Tigers began to throw forward passes. After each incomplete pass, Greg would insist that the watch be stopped. But the LSU timer said, "Hell, we're not taking time out for anything." So the watch kept running and LSU's precious minutes ticked away. Greg said he was so ashamed of the LSU timekeeper cheating himself that when time was up he suggested that LSU be given one more play. I pointed out to Greg that LSU might have thrown a touchdown pass on that extra play. "Well, they didn't," said Greg righteously.

In those days it was the practice of the profs to turn in grades for football players on the day before the game, to determine if they were eligible. On one occasion, the chemistry department reported that Norman Hamilton, second string center, was ineligible. Since the Razorbacks had only two centers, this posed a serious situation. The coach sent W.S. Gregson to see Dr. Porter who had Hamilton in class that Friday. Greg asked the chemistry prof how Hamilton had done in class. Porter replied that he had asked the footballer two questions, one of which he had answered correctly. "But I think he was guessing," said the professor. Greg finally convinced Porter that the recitation was worth a "C". The center thus was able to play in the next day's game. It was some time, however, before Greg was able to square himself with Dr. Hale. The latter suspected that the Booster Club had put one over on the chemistry department.

Speaking of eligibility, Greg has a good story about G.E. Ripley, for many years the stern and uncompromising dean of men. It seems that a group of football players, including Doc Ledbetter, Cowboy Kyle, and others, got involved in a fight one night on Dickson street, near the Frisco depot. Someone reported the matter to Dean Ripley, who summoned Ledbetter to his office. The Dean invited Greg to sit in on the hearing. Greg attended, but he was afraid that the Dean would declare Doc ineligible for Saturday's game. However, the Dean had no intention of taking the star fullback out of the

line-up. The inquisition was a series of rhetorical questions:

Dean: You weren't in the fight at the depot, were you?

Doc: No, sir.

Dean: You were just trying to keep that boy out of trouble, weren't you?

Doc: Yes, sir.

And so on. Needless to say, Ledbetter was exonerated and performed brilliantly in that week's game.

The SMU mustangs once came to Fayetteville touted to win the Conference championship. The team and SMU rooters all wore colorful outfits and sombreros. One of the Mustangs saw W.S. Gregson wearing his red Booster Club shirt. The Dallas rooter offered to bet his cowboy outfit against Greg's razorback shirt on the outcome of the game. Greg explained that, being a minister, he couldn't bet, but offered to trade the shirt for the Mustang outfit if SMU won. Well, Arkansas won the game, and the Dallas lad delivered his costume complete with sombrero to the non-wagering Gregson. Greg put the outfit on exhibition at Tony Sowder's soda fountain.

Handicapped by a small squad and meager finances, Coach Francis Schmidt would take only a minimum number of players on football trips. I've heard it said that his traveling squad would sometimes number only 15 players. At a recent spring practice football game I recall meeting C.T. Smith, probably the greatest guard who ever played for Arkansas. I pointed out to C.T. that the scorecard listed 14 guards and gave it as my opinion that there wasn't much difference among them — they were all good. I said, "C.T., how many guards did the team have when you were playing?" He said, "Let's see, there was me," — he scratched his head and thought a while and then added "and one other fellow."

W.S. Gregson told me that in Coach Schmidt's day some of the subs occasionally got to go to out-of-town games by courtesy of Fayetteville fans who drove their cars to Shreveport or Memphis or Dallas. On one such occasion, Greg and Tony Sowder (he ran the student hangout down near the Frisco tracks) took three players in Sowder's car and drove to Shreveport. Greg recalls that Paul Carruthers (later a vocational teacher at Charleston) was one of the three players. They left Shreveport immediately after the game, but had a series of flats (Greg says 14, which is a helluva lot of flat tires). Their jack was broken, so the football players would hold up the car while the jack was placed in position. Darkness overtook them south of Waldron and then the car lights went out. So Greg had to walk ahead of the car with a flashlight. Says Greg, "We got back to Fayetteville Monday noon."

Some of Greg's best stories are about the Razorback Special that carried the Arkansas team, band, and rooters, including Governor Bailey, to San Francisco in 1939 for a game with Santa Clara University. The train was named The Arkansas Traveler and was part of the build-up for a movie of that name, in which Bob Burns played the leading role. The team was entertained lavishly at Hollywood enroute to San Francisco. In the baggage car of this train was the famous "grid organ", a musical curiosity conceived and built by W.F. "Bill" Sonneman. It was an electric organ mounted on an auto chassis and handsomely painted in red and white. It had been planned to

The Famous, or Infamous Grid Organ

parade the grid organ at each stop enroute to California. Greg, of course, was the guy who was to see that the organ was there and ready to go. Unfortunately, the baggage car would always be on a spur track a mile or so from the scene of activity, so many of the good people of Arizona and California never got to hear the cacophony of sound produced by the world's only grid organ.

Greg treasures a clipping from a San Francisco newspaper in which the Razorback band was given considerable publicity. "We were led to believe," said the San Francisco journal (I'm quoting the general tenor and not the exact words of the article) "that the Razorbacks were mountaineers from the wilds of the Ozarks. We were even told that the Razorbacks' great guard, Milt Simington, had to be trapped to get him out of a tree and that shoes were forced on him. Then here comes the Razorback band, beautifully uniformed and wearing not only shoes but, of all things — spats!"

One of the colorful elevens in Razorback football annals, according to W.S. Gregson, was the 1929 team, with such heavyweights as Tiny Gardner, Quentin Crabaugh, Joe Fay Moore, Clyde VanSickle, and others. Greg recalls that a home talent "Passion Play" was once staged in the Fayetteville Armory. The heavyweight Razorback football players were cast as Roman soldiers. They wore armor over short skirts and made a very leggy appearance. The Roman sandals that came with the rented costumes were too small for the big footballers, so they wore their street shoes — forming quite a contrast to the Roman helmets and breastplates of 33 A.D. To get an idea of the size of the Razorbacks' feet, it is only necessary to know that Tiny

Gardner, who was Arkansas' kickoff specialist, used to kick the ball over the end zone on every kickoff.

I tried to get W.S. Gregson to pick an all-time, all-star Arkansas football team, but he wouldn't do it. He has seen the Razorbacks play for 30 years and he knew most of the boys well. He was willing to name some outstanding players. Greg thinks that the greatest backs who ever played for the Red and White were George Cole, Tom Murphy, Sodie Davidson, Jack Robbins, Dwight Sloan, Yandell Rogers, and Kay Eakin. His pick of the best ends: Glen Rose, Jim Benton, Wear Schoonover, and Milan Creighton. His favorite linemen: Jack Newby, C.T. Smith, Herman Boozeman, Brad Scott, and Clyde VanSickle. Greg thinks that Fred Thomsen was one of the smartest of Arkansas coaches and cited numerous examples of how Tommy outsmarted the opposition. Francis Schmidt was the most active coach, according to Greg. "He was talking football all the time, day and night." Glen Rose was the best-loved of all Arkansas coaches, in Greg's opinion.

Wear Schoonover, a Famous Razorback End

W.S. Gregson had many and varied duties on the numerous football trips. Some of these had to do with the players, as on the several occasions when an Arkansas player was injured in the game and Greg had to take him to the hospital in Memphis or Shreveport or elsewhere. He'd either have to pay or guarantee payment of the hospital bill, and stay with the injured boy until he could be returned to Fayetteville.

Some of his unofficial duties had to do with the rooters who accompanied

the team and more than one Arkansas fan was able to return home with the team because Greg had bailed him out of jail. Many of his duties on the football trips had to do with the band — usually finding food for the boys and a place to sleep. In the old days many small expenditures came out of Greg's pocket. Probably the oddest bill that Greg paid out of his own pocket was one in Philadelphia, whence the Razorbacks had gone to play Villa Nova. Francis Judah Foutz, Arkansas' band director (Greg calls him "the greatest band director in the south") had hired a taxi to take him to the hotel in Philadelphia where the team and band were staying. On arrival at the hotel, Foutz refused to pay the taxi fare, claiming the driver had taken a longer route than was necessary. The dispute in front of the hotel grew loud and louder, so Greg finally stepped up and paid the taxi driver, Foutz still insisting that the city slicker was trying to gyp an Ozarks country boy.

Before Tom Terrall became governor of Arkansas, he was a traveling salesman and made regular calls on the Arkansas campus. W.S. Gregson, who was YMCA secretary and custodian of the Y Hut, used to buy janitor supplies (including toilet paper) from the future governor. Later, when Terrall became governor, he wrote Greg a three-page letter thanking him for his courtesy to him in his days as a saleman of janitor supplies. Greg still keeps Governor Terrall's letter among his souvenirs.

In the spring of 1919 W.S. Gregson served as physical education instructor. It happened this way: Physical education was compulsory for freshmen, so some 150 men would report on the athletic field for exercise under the direction of Coach Mather. It was too much of a job for one instructor, so President J.C. Futrall asked Greg to help Mather. As a matter of fact, the coach turned the class over to Greg. Greg's method of teaching physical education was to send a half dozen boys over to the Y Hut to get some left-over YMCA equipment — volleyballs and nets, softballs and bats, and the like. The boys would then choose up sides and play for an hour. At the end of the semester it was necessary to give grades for this physical education "course". Greg asked Mather how to grade the class. The coach said to give every fourth man a "D". But Greg had a better system — he gave "A's" to the boys who had brought out the equipment (balls, bats, nets) each day and had taken it back at the end of play period. Says Greg: "I gave the A's to the boys who showed a willingness to work."

(Mr. Gregson died July 13, 1960 at his daughter's home in New York. He was born in Blackburn, England on December 22, 1980 and was brought to America at the age of four. He came to the University of Arkansas after World War I service in a YMCA camp in Little Rock, in 1918, intending to stay only a few months. The obituary in the Northwest Arkansas Times called him "one of the most beloved figures ever" on the University campus and in the city of Fayetteville.)

QUERIES

Doris Spilman Maguire, Highway 45 South, Box 38, Fairfield, Illinois 62837 is researching the SPILMAN/SPILLMAN families: Doris Spilman, Cecil Spilman, Walter Spilman; Thomas Spilman died 1921 in Paragould, born in Kentucky ?; Edwin Spilman, born around 1800 in New Jersey. Any information will be appreciated.

Marie K. Olson, 35 Chadwick Drive, Charleston, SC 29407 needs to know the dates of death and places of burial of Andrew M. RHEA and wife Lucena E. (BREWTON) Rhea. He was born June 1832 in Alabama; she, in 1841 in Arkansas, probably Pope County. In 1900 they were living in Cove Creek Township, Washington County, Arkansas, dwelling 194.

Carolyn Yancy Little, 1009 School Drive, Jacksonville, AR 72076 would like to contact descendants of these families that settled in the communities of Stop and O'Dell, Arkansas, on the Crawford-Washington County line for inclusion in a book about the descendants of George W.P. CLAPHAN 1838-1918: Thomas Clay CUZICK 1824-1886; Sally (DOBBS) Cuzick, 1827-1910; Archibald Lee Dobbs, 1826-1897; William C. Dobbs, 1825 -after 1887; and Meredith YANCEY, 1803-1893.

Carolyn Opfer Giffs, 4504 Trailwood, Wichita Falls, TX 76310: Thomas B. GIBBS, born in 1860, married to Emma Isabel on February 24, 1887 at Cane Hill, Arkansas. Emma Isabel PYEATT is the daughter of Jesse H. Pyeatt and Jane Buchanan. Would be glad to assist anyone looking for relatives in this area.

Rena Woolsey Stinson, 182 Bellah, Lindsay, CA 93247: I am seeking information on the WOOLSEY family of Washington County, Arkansas. Who were the parents of Samuel Woolsey? Samuel was born in 1791 in Kentucky, married Matilda Thompson in 1808, moved to Illinois, then in 1814 went to what is now Hempstead County in Arkansas, and in 1829 or 1830 settled in Washington County, Arkansas near Farmington where he lived until his death in 1868. Both Samuel and Matilda are buried in the Woolsey cemetery near Farmington. Goodspeed states that Samuel Woolsey's father was born in Tennessee, scouted Indians in the War of 1812, moved at an early day to what is now Hempstead County, Arkansas, and died in Texas at the age of 82 years. His name was probably John. Does anyone have any additional information about Samuel's father, dates, wife, parents, where parents were from, children other than Samuel, etc.?

Would like information on James W. Woolsey, Co. I, 6th U.S. Infantry (there are no dates) who is buried in Woolsey cemetery near West Fork.

Are Phillip Woolsey (who homesteaded east of Brentwood), John Woolsey (who homesteaded south of Springdale west of Highway 71), and Mathias Woolsey (who homesteaded south of Springdale along Highway 71), brothers of Samuel Woolsey (1791-1868) or otherwise related to the family of Samuel Woolsey?

Where is the burial place of Elvira H.F. DAVISON Woolsey (1815-1849), first wife of William Thomas Woolsey (1811-1894) and mother of Mary KARNES, Matilda FELLOWS, Samuel Lewis, John, Martha FARMER, and Caroline LITTLE?

Would appreciate any information on the families of David (1809-1889) and Mary Belle CARNEY CARTER (1810-1891), both buried at Black Oak, Arkansas. Will gladly share information.

Mrs. Rodney G. Orr, 2908 Legend Road, Arlinton, TX 76014: Who were the parents of "Lee" McLAUGHLIN? What was his legal name? Cannot find a "Lee" McLaughlin in Confederate index in Little Rock. He married Anna Gibbins McLaughlin, widow of his cousin Andrew "Jack" Jackson McLaughlin ca 1851-52. Was a member of Confederate Army, killed in the fall of 1864 near Newtonia, MO. Supposed to have girl cousins living in Cane Hill area, Washington County at time of death. He and Anna had two sons — William F. and Henry G. Will pay postage and Xerox fees.

Leota Tubbs Scarborough, 4200 Ponce LeLeon Blvd., Sebring, FL 33870: I have been told that someone in our STIDHAM lineage has the family history, but have been unable to locate this person. If anyone knows of such a history, I would be more than happy to pay for copying or whatever. Also, will exchange history of the Stidham family that I have. I am the granddaughter of Dr. William Oneal and Maude (BURRIS) Stidham. Can someone please help me find the parents of David W. Stidham (1813-1907) born in Pennsylvania?

Researching: SCARBOROUGH, SCHYMOS (SCHMONSKY-SZYMONSKI-SCHMONSKIE-SCHMOUSKY), INGE, GAINS, STIDHAM, BURRIS, TUBBS, WATTERSON.

Mrs. Connie Love Lawson, 223 Dryden Drive, Vallejo, CA 94591: Seeking Arkansas descendants of: BASS NC/TN, BEAVERS NJ/VA/GA, BOLING VA, BORDEN VA/TN, CALLOWAY VA/KY, CLACK VA/TN, COLCOUGH NC, DANLEY VA/KY/TN, DeARMON NC/TN, DeBUSK NC/VA/TN, DOUGLAS VA/TN, EDMONDSON MD/VA/TN, ELLIS PA, FULP (PHELP) VA/NC/TN, GAITHER VA/NC/TN, GAMBLE VA/TN, GEORGE PA/VA/NC/TN, GREEN VA/TN, GRIFFITH NC/TN, HANSFORD TN/KY, HAYS VA/TN, HILL VA, HUMPHREY PA, HUTCHINSON VA/NC/TN, KENNON VA, KERR VA/NC/TN, LEWIS VA/TN, LOVE VA/KY/TN, MAJOR VA/TN, MARRS PA/VA/KY/TN/GA, McCONESKY MD/NC, NOELL VA/KY, PAGE VA, POWELL PA, PRICE TN, RANDLES NC/TN, REES PA, RICHARD PA, ROLLIN (RAWLEY) VA, RYAN VA/NC/KY, SEELEY (SEAKLEY) KY, SENTER VA/NC/TN, SPENCER VA, STERLING VA, WALKER VA/GA/KY, WALTON VA, WILKES VA/TN/AL, WOOLASTON PA/NC/TN, WRIGHT VA. Many with Missouri/Arkansas connections. All residents of above states circa 1800.

PARKS CEMETERY - South of Hogeye

Are you a descendant of

BLAKELEY, Albert L. d. Mar. 17, 1884, age 7 yrs. 4 mo. 17 days (son of John T. and E. J.)
CARL, Charlie E., d. Sept. 28, 1884, age 19 yrs., 11 mo., 15 days (son of B. A. and S. S.)
CARL, Lida Agness, May 15, 1879-Jan. 27, 1880, daughter of E. D. and M. I.
CRESS, John S., Aug. 27, 1844-Aug. 13, 1924
CRESS, S. L., Nov. 8, 1839-Apr. 6, 1915, wife of John
GREGORY, A. B., Sept. 23, 1837-Apr. 18, 1917
GREGORY, Alvenie F., Oct. 14, 1881-Sept. 30, 1884, daughter of A. B. and J.
GREGORY, Cora E., Aug. 14, 1888-Oct. 23, 1908
GREGORY, Esther, 1801-Oct. 17, 1882, wife of F. F.
GREGORY, Jane, June 27, 1847-Oct. 30, 1930
HANNAH, Atlanta N. Carl, Mar. 21-1859-July 12, 1879, wife of J. H. Hannah, dau. of B. A. and S. S. Carl
HULSE, I. M., Co. D, 1st Ark. Cav. US
HULSE, Infant son of I. M. and M. M., d. Feb. 26, 1886, 6 mos. 8 da.
HULSE, Infant son of I. M. and M. M., d. Oct. 3, 1886, age 11 days
HULSE, Sarah J., Mar. 7, 1865-July 9, 1880, dau. of I. M. and M. M.
JONES, Smith, June 8, 1815-Aug. 7, 1887
KIDD, Mary, d. June 27, 1847, age 34, wife of T. K.
PARKS, Bird E., d. Oct. 27, 1861, age 13 yr. 9 mo. 1 da., son of J. P. and Mary A.
PARKS, Houston M., Feb. 15-1850-Sept. 18, 1882
PARKS, Levisa A. O., Sept. 23, 1857, age 2 yr. 4 mo. 18 da., dau. of J. P. and Mary A.
PARKS, Mary A., Sept. 25, 1811-June 18, 1883, age 74 yr. 8 mo. 23 da., wife of J. P.
PARKS, John P. A., Jan. 20, 1808-Apr. 20, 1892, age 84 yr. 3 mo.
PARKS, Parmelia C., d. Oct. 27, 1896, age 61 yrs., wife of W. B.
PARKS, Wm. B., Feb. 8, 1834-Oct. 31, 1893
RIEFF, Ice Bell, Mar. 16, 1883-Mar. 16, 1907
RIEFF, Lemuel T., Feb. 5, 1837-Jan. 24, 1913
RIEFF, Matilda A., d. June 24, 1915, age 61
RIEFF, Rutha A., Mar. 6, 1885-June 28, 1886

These people are buried in historic Parks Cemetery located three miles south of Hogeye on Highway 265. Help is needed to establish cemetery maintenance. If you can help, write or call C. B. Parks Carlisle, Rte. 2, Box 241 A, West Fork, AR 72774 (501-839-3583).

And, Oh, LOVE, what a story for FLASHBACK the minutes of this meeting will make down through the years. Its editors will appreciate the story, I know full well!